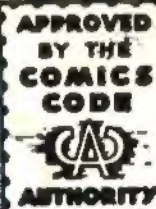




12¢



MAR.
NO. 348

ACTION COMICS

I CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO SWITCH
FROM *SUPERMAN*
INTO...

...MY NEW ROLE AS
*SECRET AGENT
CLARK KENT*,
NEMESIS OF SPIES
AND SABOTEURS!

SEE HOW OUR
"MILD-
MANNERED,"
"TIMID"
DAILY PLANET
REPORTER IS
TRAINED TO
BECOME...
**"CLARK KENT,
FIGHTING
FEDERAL
AGENT!"**



SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BRINGING A HALT TO THE DEADLY SABOTAGE OF THE ACID MASTER IS NO EASY TASK! THE TOP U.S. COUNTERSPIES HAVE TRIED... AND FAILED! IS IT A JOB FOR SUPERMAN? NO! THIS TIME, THE GOVERNMENT CALLS ON THE "LEAST LIKELY SUSPECT"... THE MILD-MANNERED REPORTER NO ONE WOULD EVER DREAM WAS REALLY...

CLARK KENT, FIGHTING FEDERAL AGENT!

BY WRECKING THE
ACHILLES MISSILE, I'VE
PUT THE U.S. MONTHS
BEHIND IN THE SPACE
RACE! HA, HA!

I CAN SAVE THE
MISSILE AS SUPERMAN...
BUT CATCHING THE
ACID MASTER IS UP
TO CLARK KENT!

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LATE ONE NIGHT, A LONE FIGURE ATTEMPTS TO BREACH THE DEFENSES OF THE WORLD'S MOST HEAVILY-GUARDED MISSILE BASE...CAPE KENNEDY!

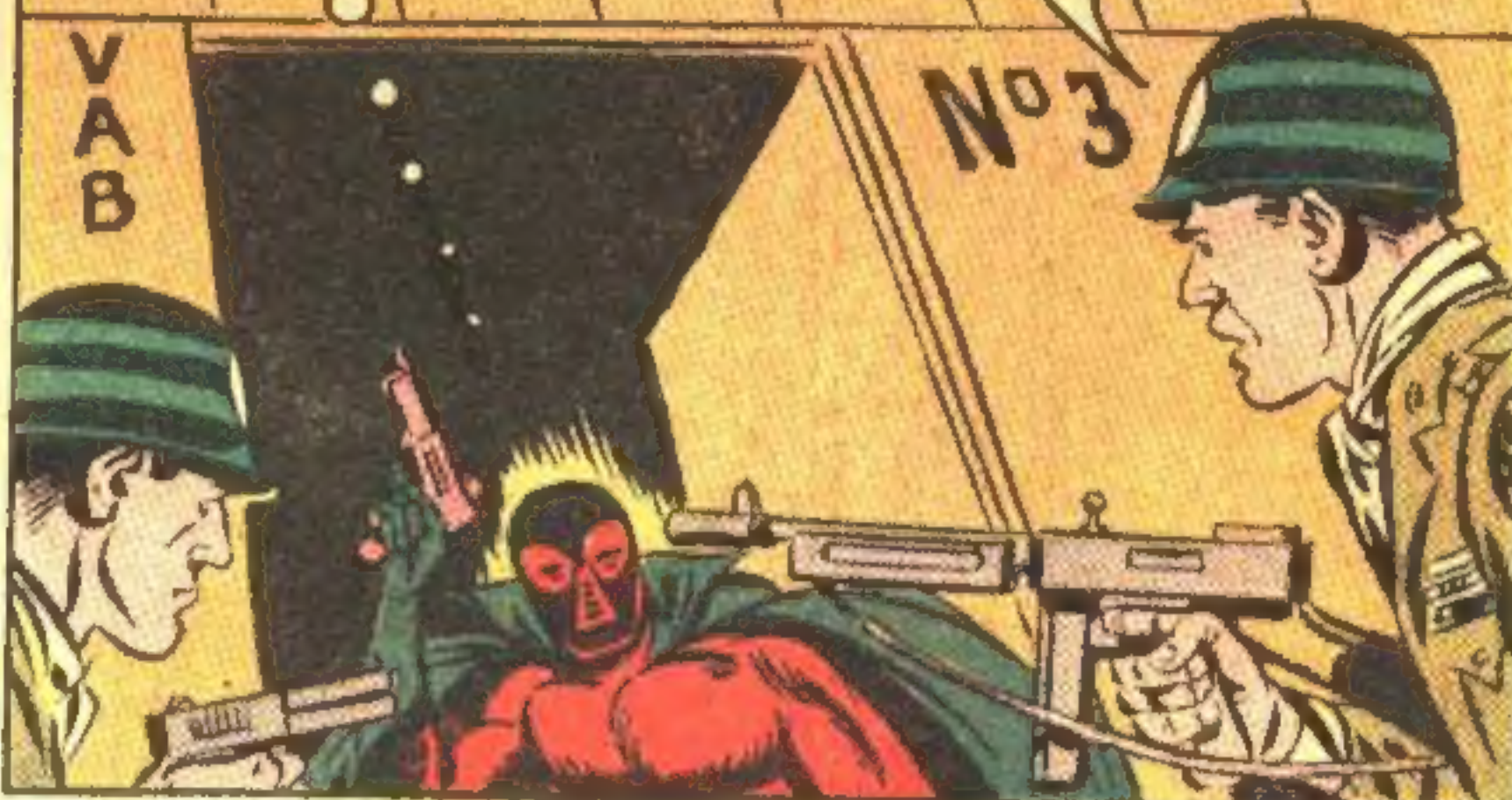


NO METAL FENCE CAN WITHSTAND MY SUPER-ACIDS!

THE INTRUDER CROSSES THE BASE'S OUTER DEFENSE PERIMETER AND APPROACHES THE V. A. B...THE VERTICAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING...

THERE'S THE PLACE! OH-OH! THE GUARDS!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MISTER! HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE? BETTER CLOSE THE SLIDING DOOR, BOYS, IN CASE...



THE PROTEIN-ORGANIC ACID ON THESE DARTS WILL PARALYZE THE SOLDIER-BOYS! THEN THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP ME...OR EVEN YELL FOR HELP!

HEY, WHAT...? I'LL...

UHHHH!



THERE'S MY OBJECTIVE... THE HUGE CRAWLER USED TO TRANSPORT THE MISSILES CONSTRUCTED HERE TO THEIR LAUNCH PADS!



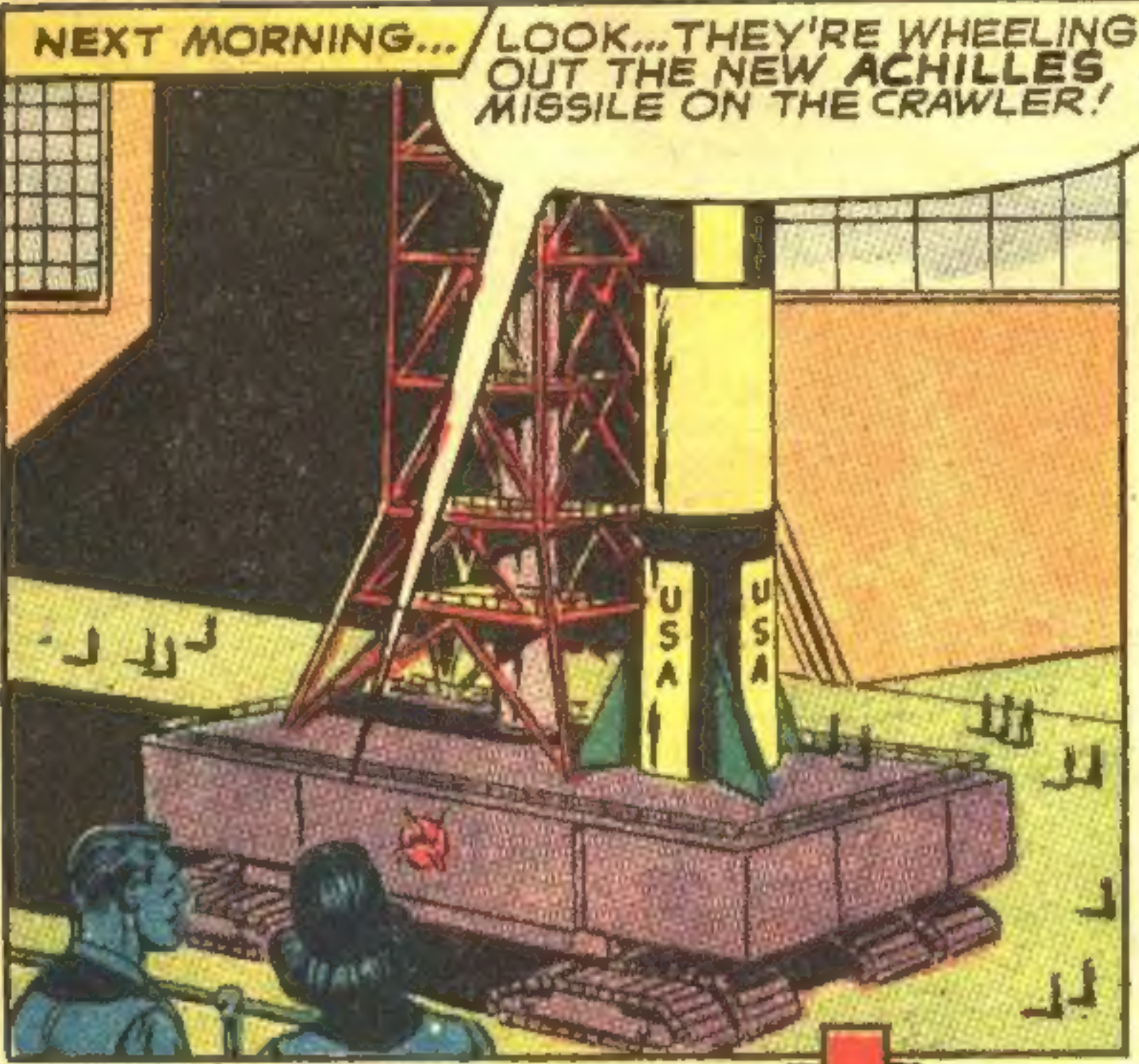
I'LL JUST SPRAY THE CONTENTS OF MY TANK UNTO THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE CRAWLER...AND TIME WILL DO THE REST!



FINALLY, UPON COMPLETING HIS TASK...

NOW TO ESCAPE! THE GUARDS' PARALYSIS WON'T WEAR OFF FOR HOURS...AND THEN THE DRUG'S SIDE EFFECT WILL CAUSE THEM TO FORGET THIS WHOLE INCIDENT! NO ONE WILL KNOW ABOUT THE SABOTAGE TILL TOO LATE!





NEXT MORNING...

LOOK...THEY'RE WHEELING OUT THE NEW **ACHILLES** MISSILE ON THE CRAWLER!

LOOK! THE MISSILE'S STARTING TO SWAY!

IT'S TILTING! THE **ACHILLES** IS TOPPLING... FALLING!

HA, HA! BETWEEN THE LOSS OF THE **ACHILLES** AND THE CRAWLERS, I'VE SET THE SPACE PROGRAM BACK MONTHS!

THE WHOLE RIGHT HALF OF THE CRAWLER'S FALLING APART!

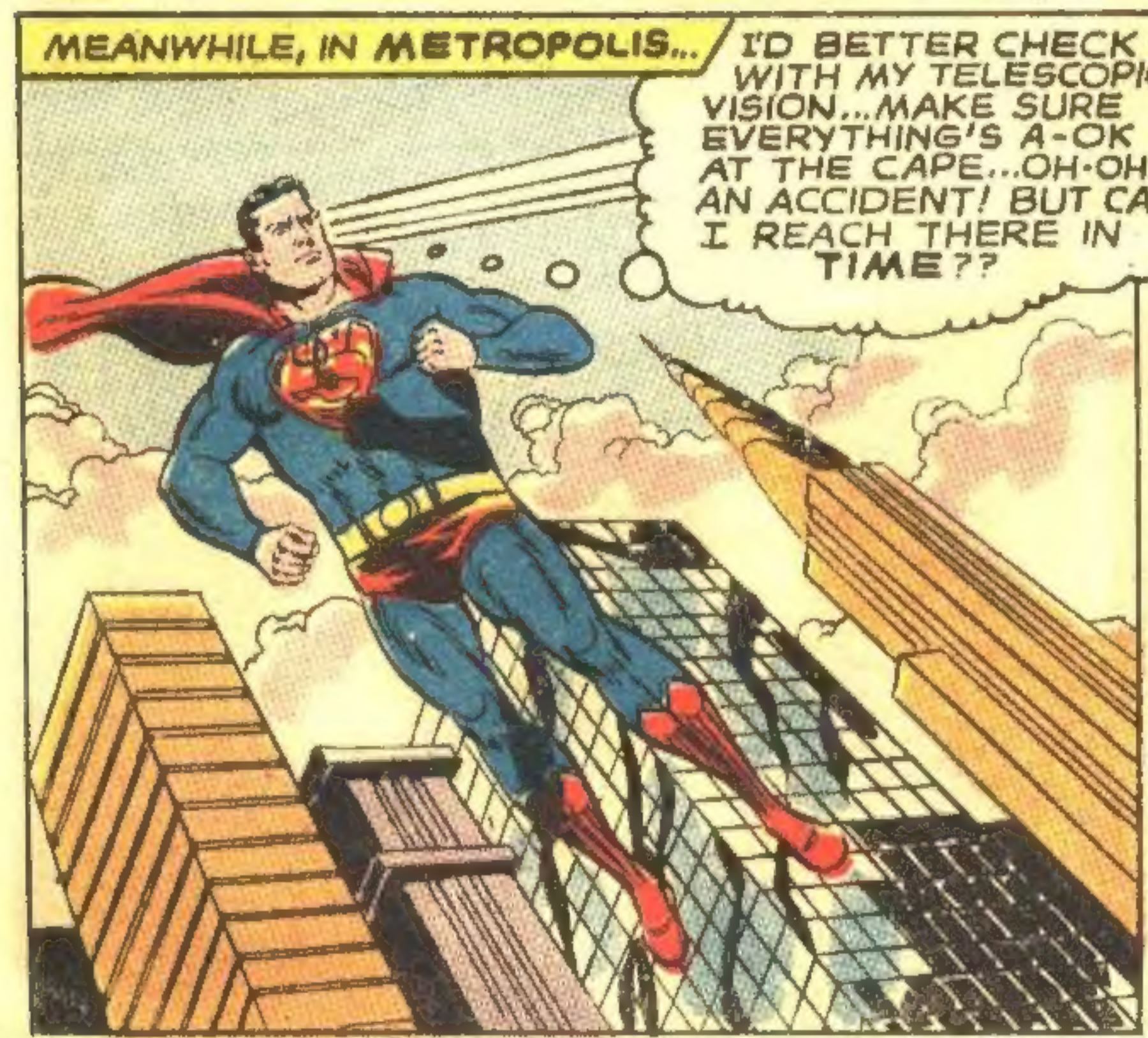


WHAT A SIGHT!

THE **ACHILLES** IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST, MOST POWERFUL BOOSTER!

IT PUTS US MONTHS AHEAD IN THE SPACE RACE!

NOT AFTER MY DELAYED-ACTION ACID WORKS...AS IT SHOULD...ANY SECOND!



MEANWHILE, IN METROPOLIS...

I'D BETTER CHECK WITH MY TELESCOPIC VISION...MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S A-OK AT THE CAPE...OH-OH! AN ACCIDENT! BUT CAN I REACH THERE IN TIME??



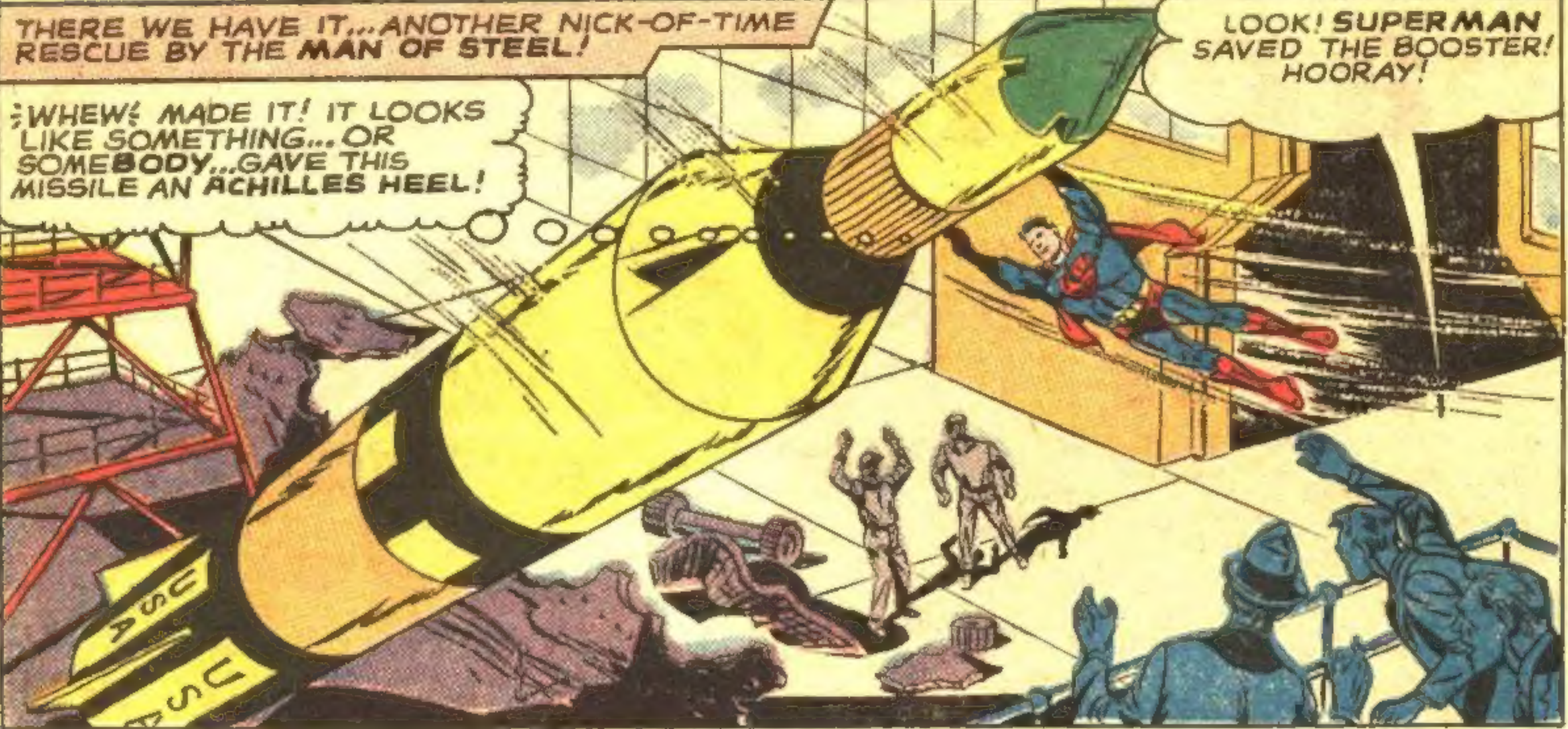
SUPERMAN CAN TRAVEL FASTER THAN LIGHT...BUT IT TAKES A FEW SECONDS TO REACH THAT SPEED...AND HE HAS ONLY ONE SECOND!

THIS CALLS FOR ONE OF THE FASTEST STARTS OF MY LIFE...AND FROM A DEAD STANDSTILL!

THERE WE HAVE IT...ANOTHER NICK-OF-TIME RESCUE BY THE MAN OF STEEL!

WHEW! MADE IT! IT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING...OR SOMEBODY...GAVE THIS MISSILE AN ACHILLES HEEL!

LOOK! SUPERMAN SAVED THE BOOSTER! HOORAY!



THAT MUSCLEBOUND MEDDLER WOULD HAVE TO INTERFERE! BUT THE WRECKED CRAWLER WILL HOLD UP THE MOON-SHOT A FEW WEEKS!

I'LL SET IT ON THE PAD FOR YOU!

WOW! SUPERMAN LIFTS THAT MONSTROUS ROCKET LIKE A TOY!



HMM!...THE ENTIRE RIGHT SIDE OF THE CRAWLER SEEMS TO HAVE CRUMBLED AWAY! OBVIOUSLY SABOTAGE! MY MICROSCOPIC VISION DETECTS FAINT TRACES OF CHEMICALS...ACID COMPONENTS! BUT WHO PUT THEM THERE...AND HOW?



LATER, AT THE METROPOLIS DAILY PLANET, REPORTER CLARK (SUPERMAN) KENT HANDS A STORY TO EDITOR PERRY WHITE...

HERE'S A SCOOP I JUST GOT FROM SUPERMAN, PERRY!

GREAT, CLARK!...SABOTAGE SUSPECTED, EH? I WONDER WHO DID IT?

YES, I WONDER, TOO... ESPECIALLY SINCE THE GUARDS SWORE NO ONE CAME NEAR THE CRAWLER!



FOR THE ANSWER TO PERRY'S QUESTION, LET'S LOOK IN ON A TOP-SECRET MEETING AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, IN WASHINGTON...

OUR SOURCES BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN HAVE GIVEN US INFORMATION ON THE SABOTEUR, GENTLEMEN... WE HAVE HERE A FULL REPORT!



CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

FIRST SLIDE, PLEASE! AH...HERE IS THE DOSSIER WE HAVE COMPILED ON THE SABOTEUR! ALL PERTINENT DATA IS LISTED!

PHILIP HENRY MASTER ALIAS "ACID MASTER"

BACKGROUND!
BORN U.S.A. ANALYTICAL AND RESEARCH CHEMIST SPECIALIZING IN ACIDS. DEFECTED TO IRON CURTAIN COUNTRIES 1965 AFTER BEING CONVICTED OF SELLING RESEARCH SECRETS TO THE ENEMY. NOW EMPLOYED BY THEM AS SABOTEUR.

PHILIP HENRY MASTER

DESCRIPTION:
HEIGHT: 6' 2"
WEIGHT: 190 LBS.
EYES: BLUE
HAIR: BLACK
AGE: 35

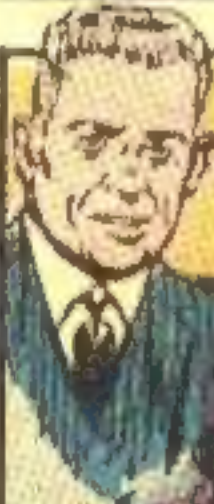
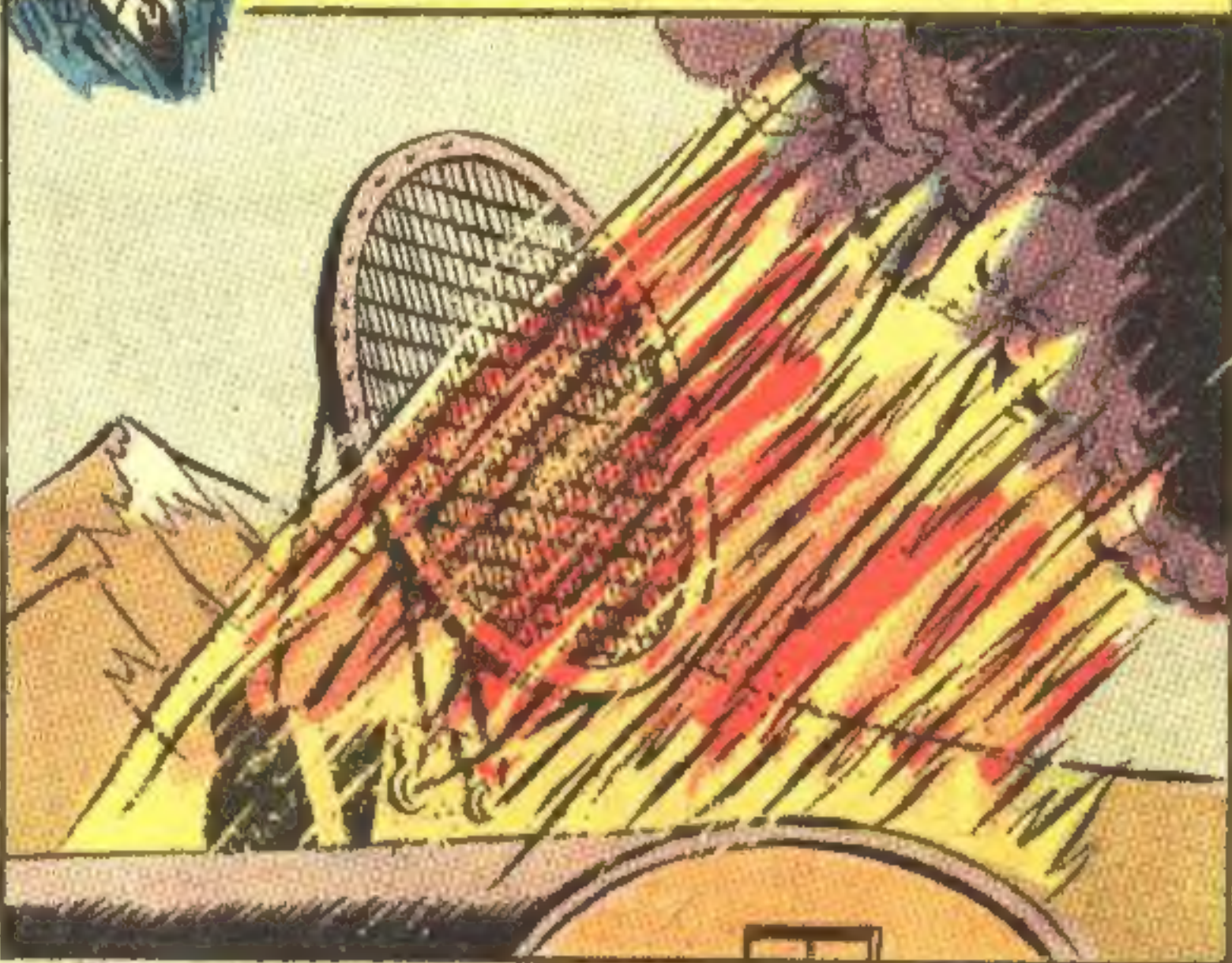
REMARKS: AS THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITY ON ACIDS, MASTER IS THE NATION'S FOREMOST SABOTEUR THREAT.

"ACID MASTER"

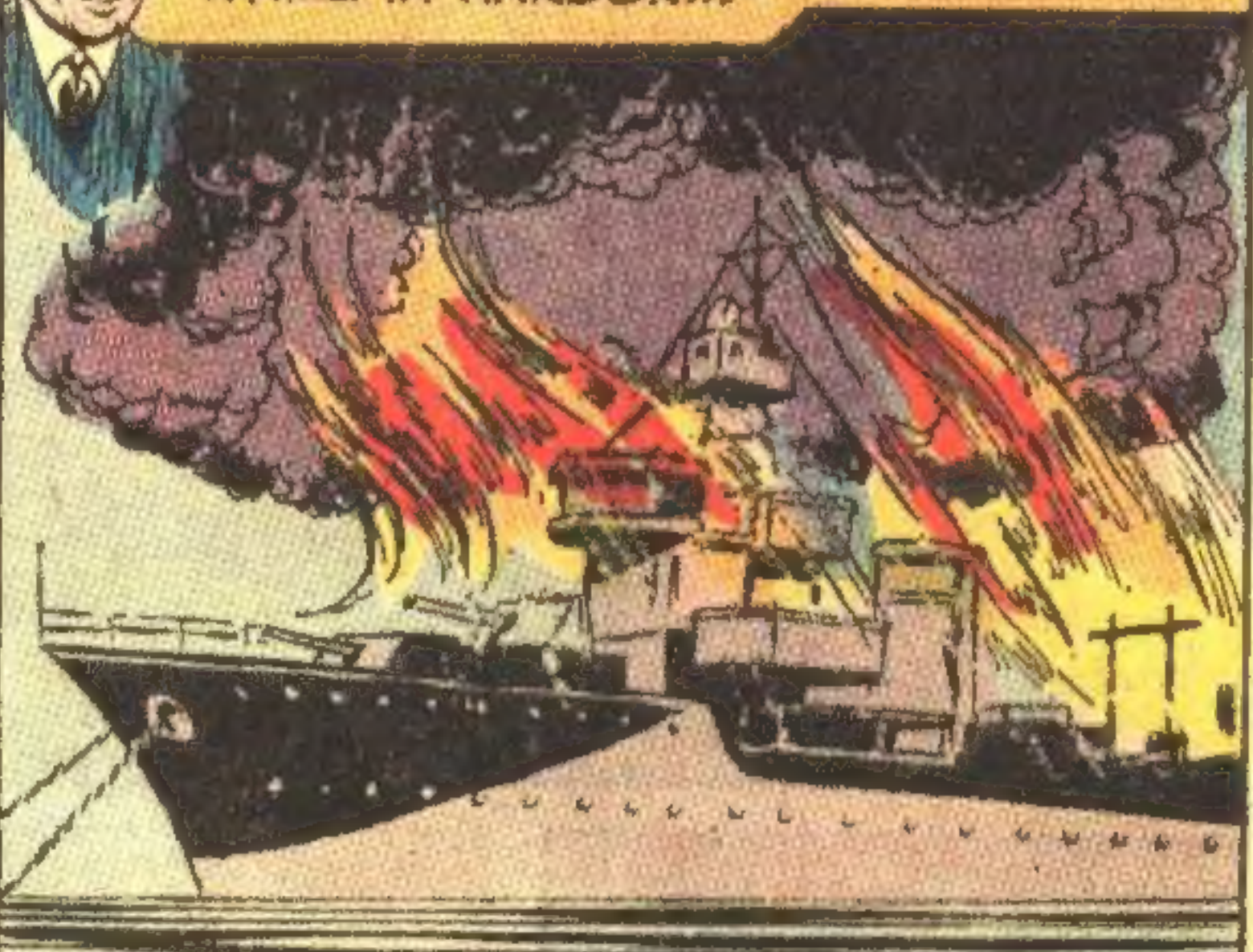
PHOTO
TAKEN
BY
HIDDEN
CAMERA
AT V.A.B.



"THIS IS NOT MASTER'S FIRST SABOTAGE MISSION! EVIDENCE ALSO LINKS HIM WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF ONE OF OUR EARLY-WARNING RADAR STATIONS..."



"AND THE SAME M.O.* WAS USED WHEN THE DESTROYER 'SCOTT' WAS WRECKED WHILE IN HARBOR..."



*MODUS OPERANDI, OR METHOD OF OPERATION.-ED.

AS YOU CAN SEE, GENTLEMEN, WITH HIS COMPLETE MASTERY OF ACIDS, ANY METAL STRUCTURE IN THE UNITED STATES IS FAIR PREY TO THIS MAN! HE COULD DEMOLISH A WHOLE CITY IF HIS EMPLOYERS SO DESIRED!

OUR TIGHTEST SECURITY MEASURES HAVEN'T STOPPED HIM! ANY IDEAS?

PUT OUR BEST COUNTER-ESPIONAGE MEN ON THE CASE!





IT WOULDN'T WORK! LAST WEEK, MASTER BROKE INTO THIS VERY BUILDING AND STOLE OUR PERSONNEL SECURITY FILES!... HE COULD RECOGNIZE ANY OF OUR MEN AT A GLANCE!

THEN...WE MUST BRING IN AN OUTSIDER!



PRECISELY! AFTER CAREFUL DELIBERATION, I HAVE SELECTED THE PERFECT AGENT...ONE THIS SABOTEUR WOULD NEVER SUSPECT!

WHO, SIR?



CLARK KENT...A REPORTER WHO'S A FRIEND OF SUPERMAN'S! WHO'D SUSPECT A NEWSMAN COVERING GOVERNMENT INSTALLATIONS... ESPECIALLY ONE WITH A REPUTATION FOR TIMIDITY?



AND SO, LATER, IN METROPOLIS...

CLARK KENT?

YES... WHAT DO YOU...?



F.B.I.! NOW...COME WITH ME... WE'RE GOING TO WASHINGTON!... NEVER MIND YOUR JOB...WE'VE ARRANGED WITH YOUR EDITOR FOR A LEAVE OF ABSENCE!



THEN, AFTER A SPEEDY PLANE TRIP TO WASHINGTON...

YES, SIR! MAY I ASK WHAT I'M HERE FOR?

GASP!! I'M IN THE OFFICE OF THE F.B.I. CHIEF HIMSELF! WHATEVER THIS IS, IT'S IMPORTANT!

AH! KENT!

WE WANT YOU TO WORK AS AN UNDERCOVER AGENT...TEMPORARILY, AT LEAST!

ME???...BUT I'VE NEVER HAD ANY TRAINING...I'M ONLY A REPORTER!

PRECISELY WHY WE CHOSE YOU! I'LL BRIEF YOU ON YOUR MISSION!

SOON... ..THE ACID MASTER, EH? ...SO HE CAUSED THE CRAWLER TO COLLAPSE! THERE'S A GUY I WANT TO MEET!

I'LL DO ANYTHING IN MY POWER TO HELP, SIR!

GOOD! YOU CAN START WITH A WEEK OF INTENSIVE TRAINING!

SO, FOR THE NEXT WEEK, CLARK ATTENDS "SPY SCHOOL" AND UNDERGOES THE RIGOROUS TRAINING VITAL TO A SECRET AGENT...

IT'S TOUGH TO RACK UP GOOD GRADES IN THESE COURSES... ..BUT I MUST KEEP...

KENT! YOU WEAKLING! GET A MOVE ON!

...TRYING!

...AND STILL KEEP UP MY 'MEEK, TIMID' MASQUERADE...

THIS KARATE TRAINING IS THE WORST! IT ISN'T EASY TO LOOK LIKE I'M DOING THE REAL THING WHEN I'M BARELY TAPPING MY OPPONENT! A FULL-STRENGTH CHOP BY ME COULD SPLIT A MOUNTAIN!

TOO SLOW, KENT! THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO SPEED UP!

OW! I NEARLY BROKE MY HAND! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOUGHENING YOU, AFTER ALL!

I... UH... GUESS SO!

?WHEW!! I'D BETTER BE MORE CAREFUL! IF SOMEONE DISCOVERS I'M INVULNERABLE, BYE-BYE, SECRET IDENTITY!

LATER... INTERESTING... "SHOOTING IT OUT" WITH OTHER STUDENTS TO DEVELOP SPEED AND AIM! OF COURSE, THE GUNS SHOOT ONLY LIGHT BEAMS... GREAT KRYPTON! THE OPPONENT OF THE GUY NEXT TO ME HAS A REAL GUN!

FIRE!

THIS CALLS FOR MORE OF CLARK'S "AWKWARDNESS" TO SAVE A LIFE! CHOMP!!

KENT, YOU CLUMSY FOOL! YOU DODGED YOUR OWN "BULLET" BUT FELL RIGHT INTO THE PATH OF MINE!



THE PENCIL'S YOUR HOLE CARD, IN CASE YOU'RE CAUGHT! JUST UNSCREW THE LEAD AND YOU RELEASE A KNOCKOUT GAS! AND YOU'LL FIND NOSE FILTERS TO PROTECT YOU FROM IT CONCEALED UNDER THE ERASER!

AS IF I NEEDED THEM!

THEY'RE STRICTLY DEFENSIVE WEAPONS! YOU'RE TO TRAIL THE ACID MASTER TO HIS LAIR, THEN CALL US! DON'T TRY TO CAPTURE HIM YOURSELF! GOOD LUCK!

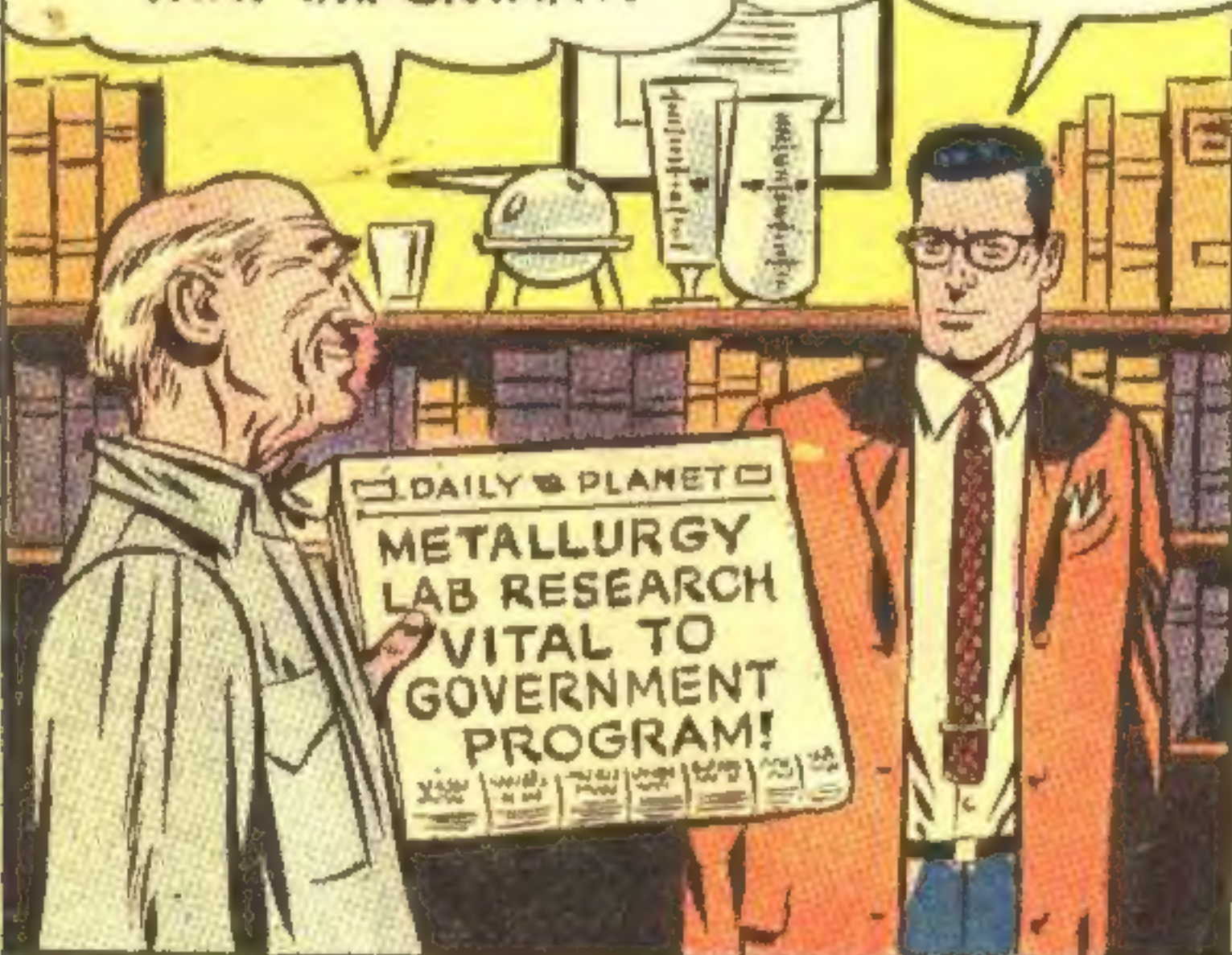
THANKS! I'VE ALREADY FORMED MY PLAN!



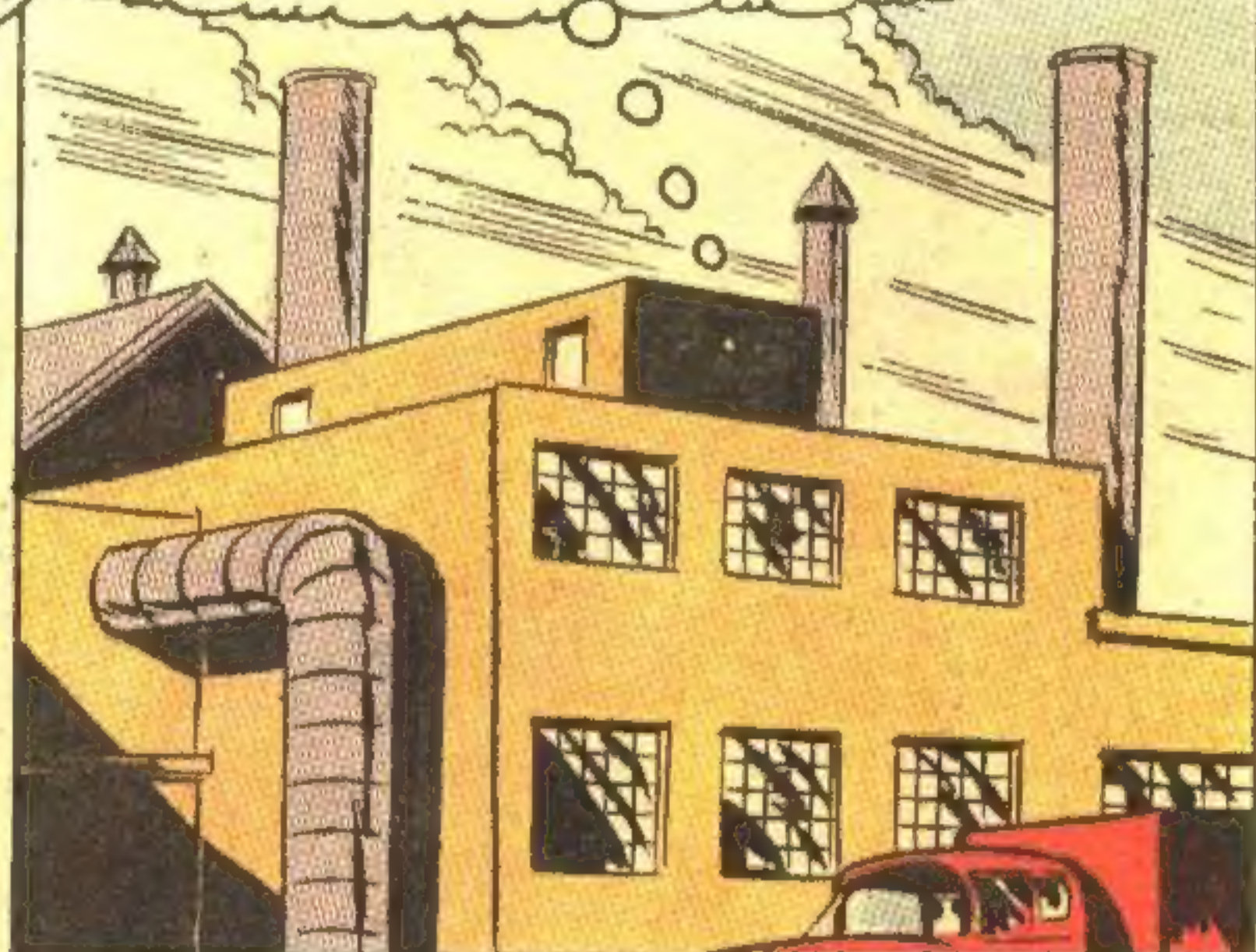
NEXT DAY, AT AN OBSCURE GOVERNMENT RESEARCH LAB...

MR. KENT, I THANK YOU FOR THE PUBLICITY YOU GAVE OUR LAB! BUT OUR RESEARCH ISN'T THAT IMPORTANT!

TRUE... BUT I WANT SOMEONE TO THINK IT IS!



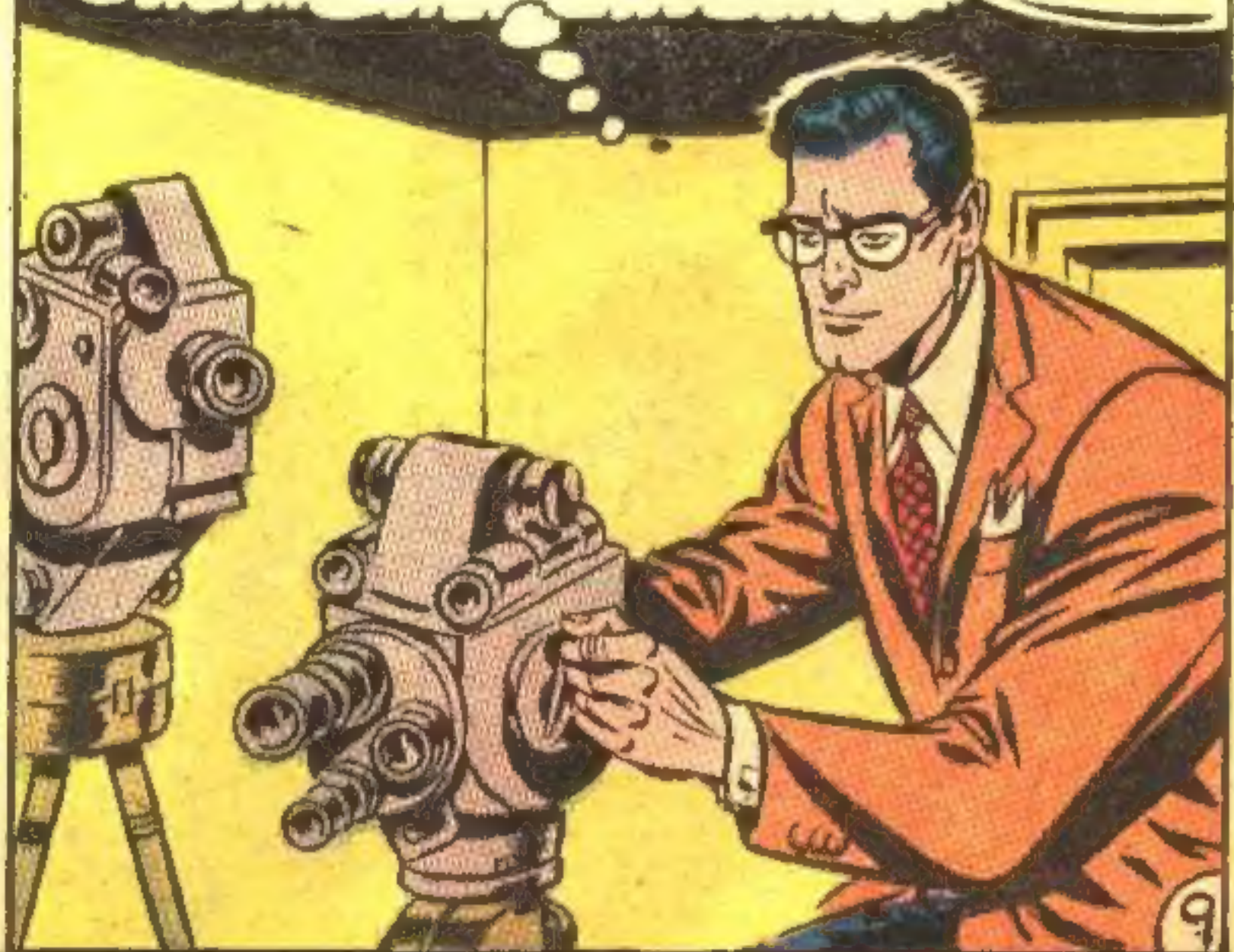
NOW, IF MASTER BITES ON MY LURE, TRAILING HIM WILL BE A CINCH... FOR ME! I'LL GET EVERYTHING RIGGED UP RIGHT AWAY... IN CASE HE MAKES HIS STRIKE TONIGHT!



EVIDENCE SHOWS THAT HE USES SOME KIND OF DART GUN TO PARALYZE GUARDS! OF COURSE, NOTHING CAN PENETRATE MY SKIN... BUT I'LL WEAR THIS BULLET-PROOF VEST, TO GIVE ME AN ALIBI! I'LL FEIGN PARALYSIS, THEN TAIL MASTER!



I'M LEAVING NOTHING TO CHANCE! IN CASE MY PLAN TAKES A FLOP, I'LL SET THESE AUTOMATIC MOVIE CAMERAS TO GRIND OUT A RECORD OF EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS HERE TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT...

MR. KENT, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WANT TO DO A WRITE-UP ON US! THIS NIGHT-GUARD DUTY IS STRICTLY FROM BOREDOM!

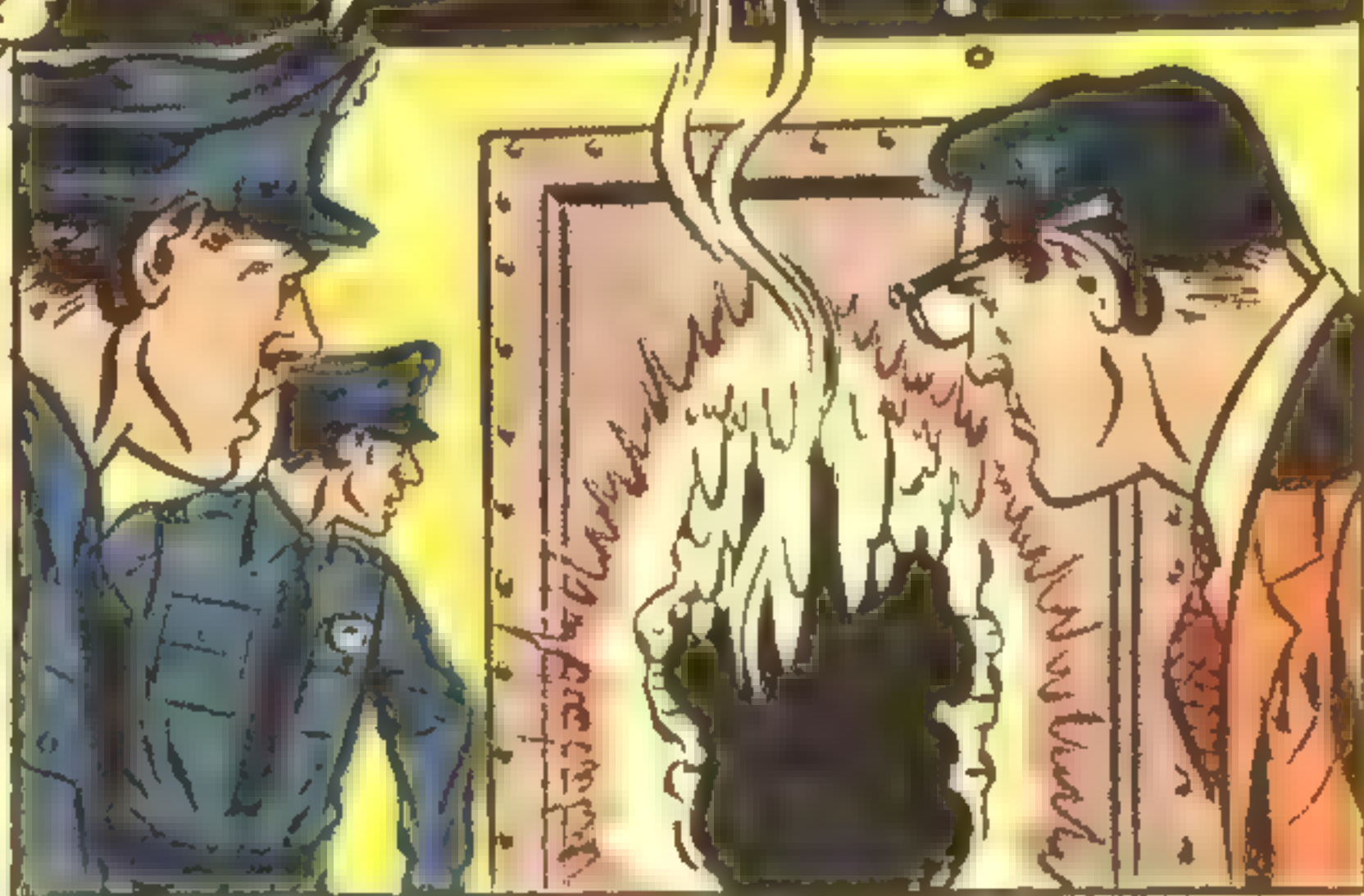
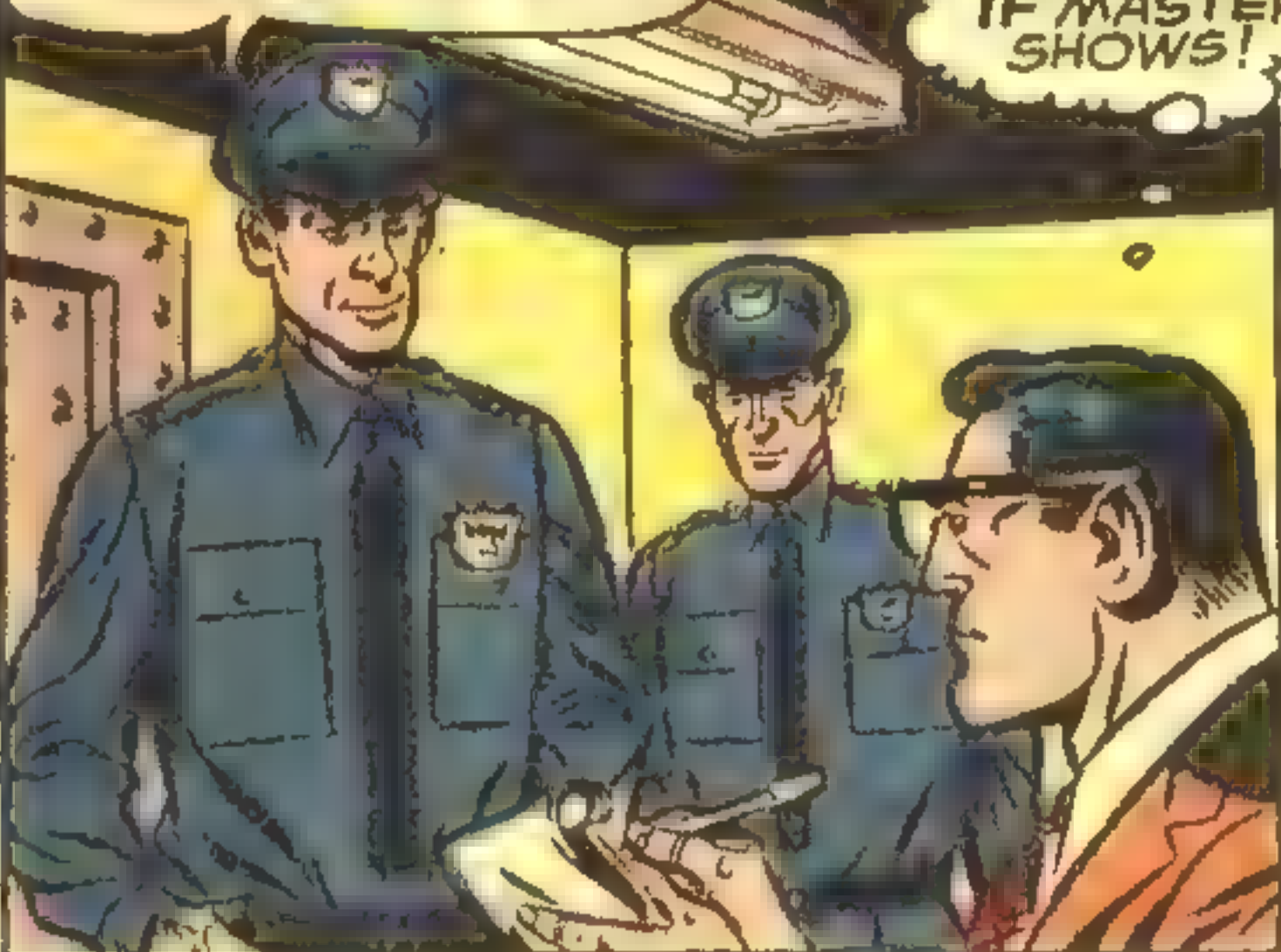
NONSENSE! I'M SURE I CAN GET A GREAT FEATURE STORY OUT OF IT!

IF MASTER SHOWS!

SUDDENLY...

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE DOOR!

AH! THE RAT HAS TAKEN THE BAIT! HE'S COMING RIGHT INTO THE TRAP!



MY ACIDS TOOK CARE OF THE DOOR... AND THESE DARTS WILL TAKE CARE OF THE GUARDS!

IT'S OLD HYPER-ACIDITY HIMSELF, ALL RIGHT!



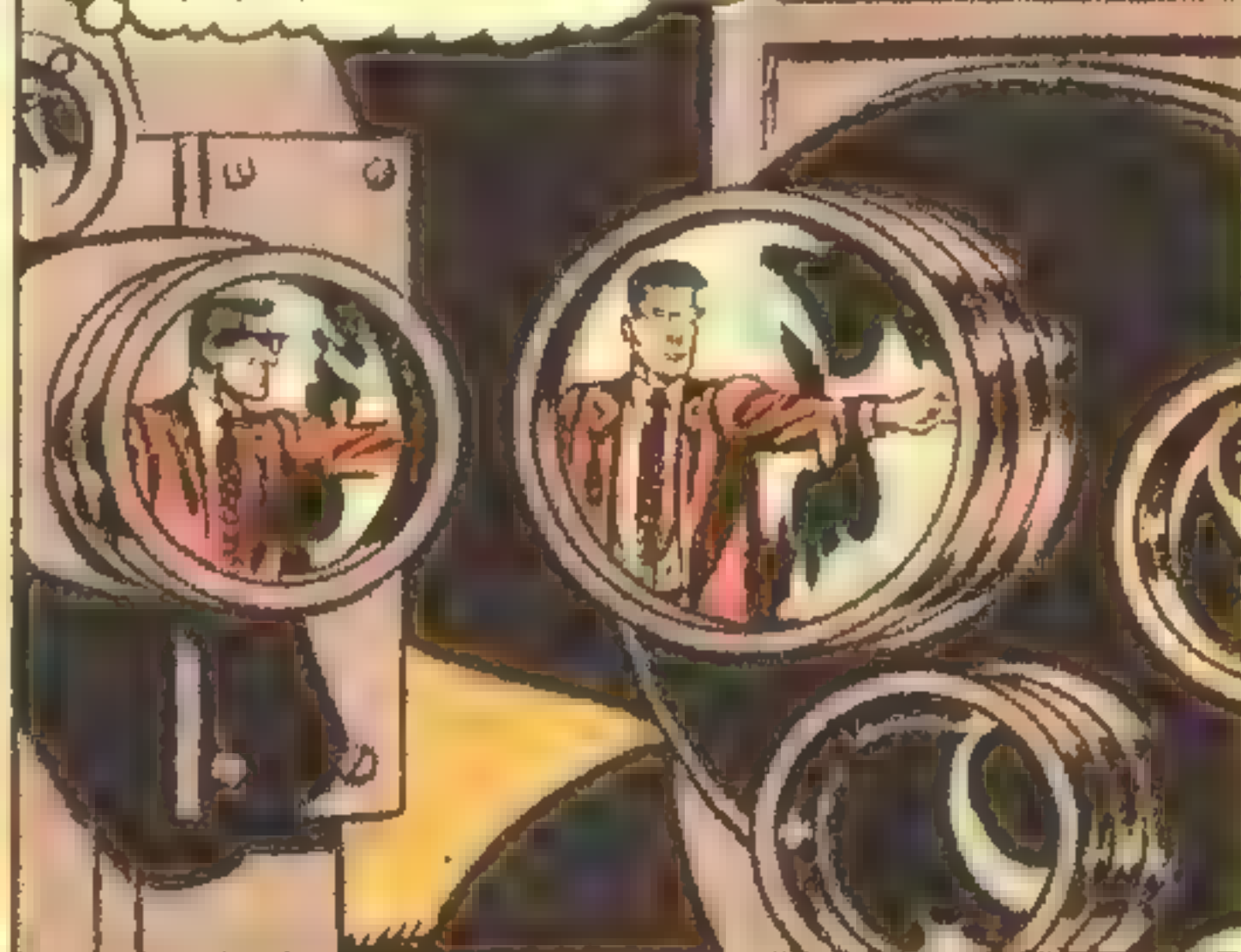
HE'LL SHOOT ME NEXT... I'LL PUT ON MY "SCARED RABBIT" ACT, AND... OH, NO! HE HIT ME IN THE ARM!... THERE GOES MY BULLETPROOF VEST EXCUSE! NOTHING TO DO BUT PRETEND TO BE PARALYZED!



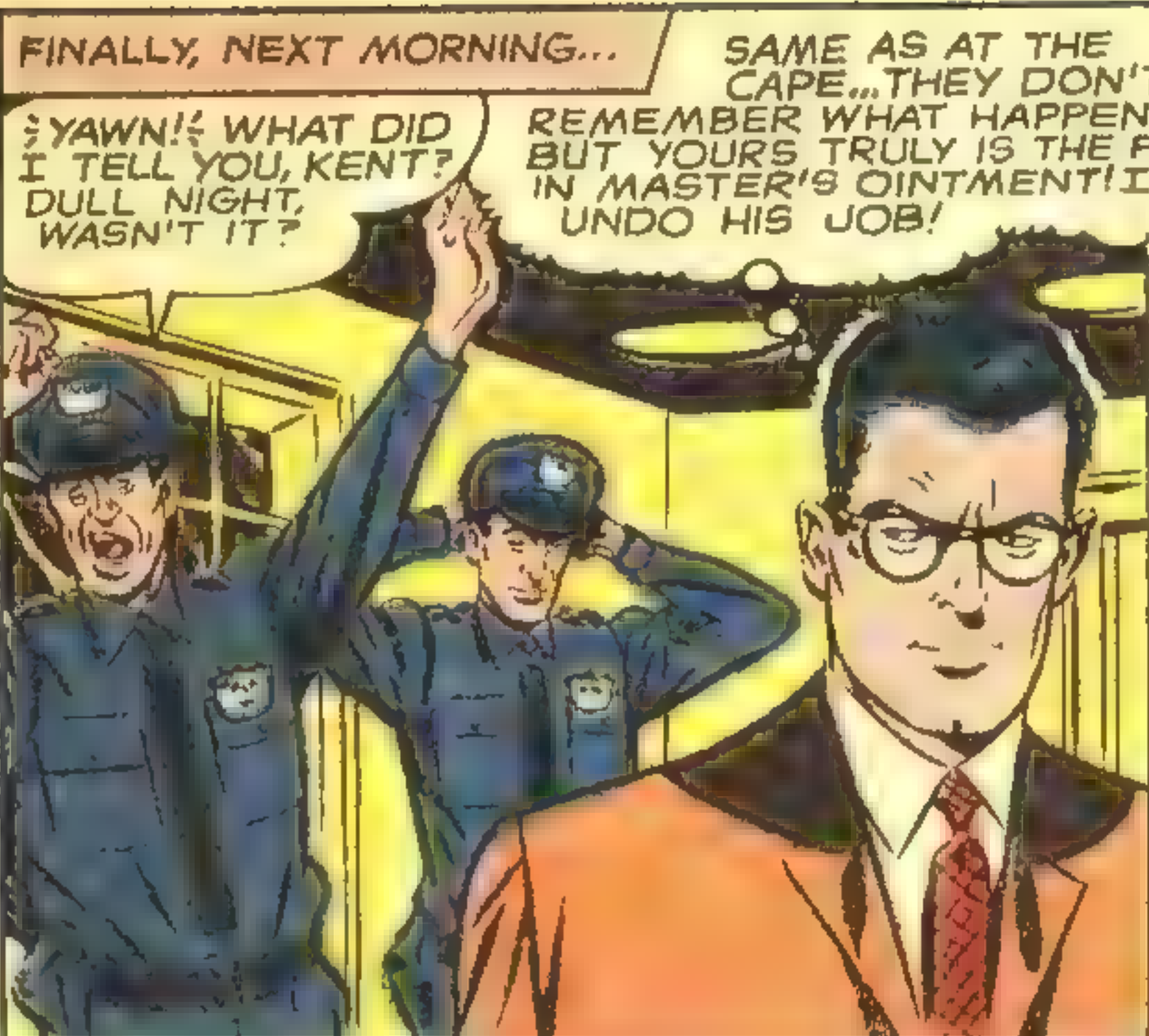
HE'S SPRAYING ONE OF HIS DELAYED-ACTION ACIDS... AND I CAN'T MAKE A MOVE TO STOP HIM WITHOUT GIVING AWAY MY SUPER-IDENTITY!



HE'S GONE! AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT... I CAN'T EVEN MOVE MY HEAD TO TRACK HIM WITH MY TELESCOPIC VISION! THE CAMERAS WOULD RECORD PROOF OF MY INVULNERABILITY! I DON'T DARE WINK AN EYE!



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FINALLY, NEXT MORNING...

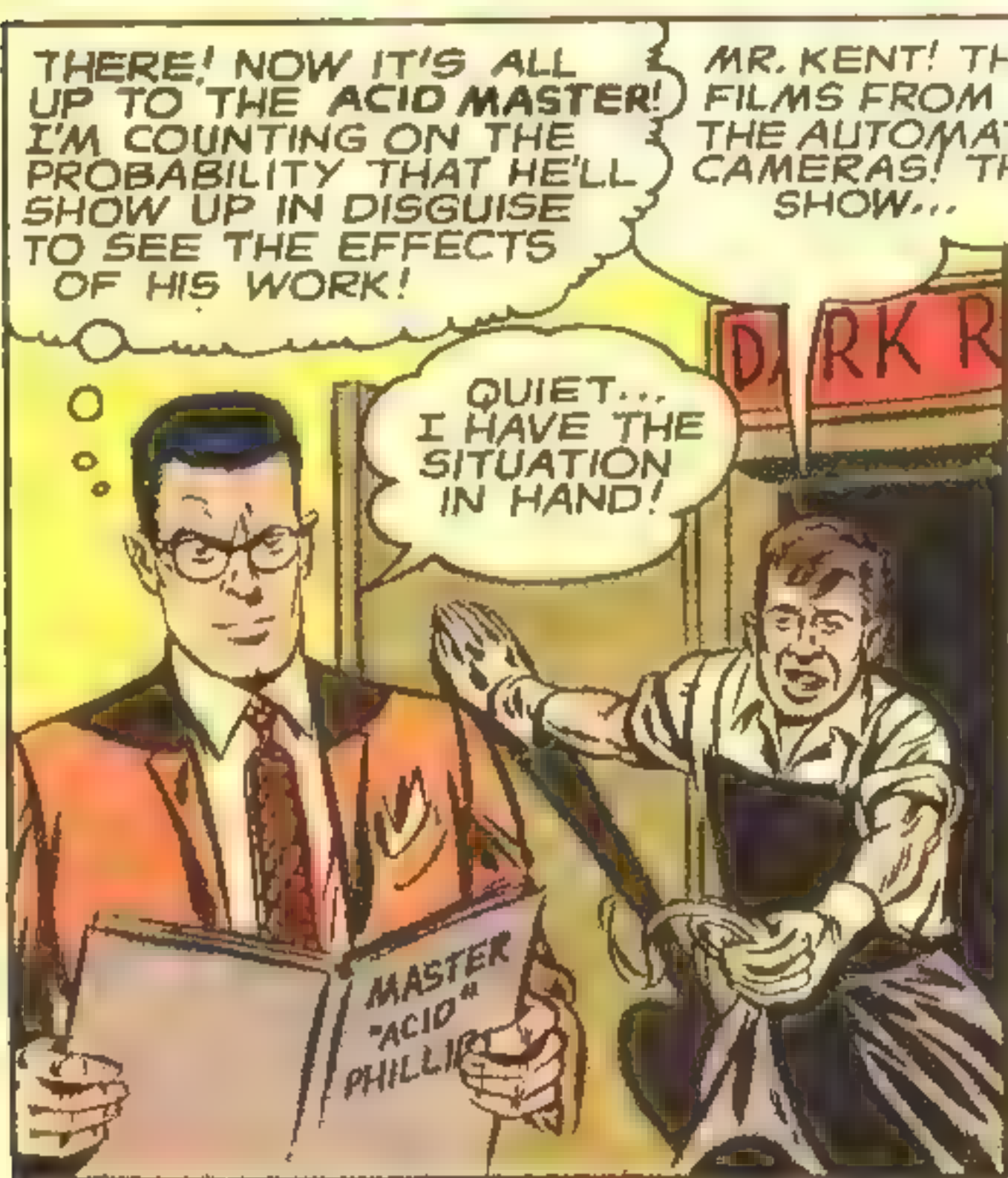
YAWN! WHAT DID I TELL YOU, KENT? DULL NIGHT, WASN'T IT?

SAME AS AT THE CAPE... THEY DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED! BUT YOURS TRULY IS THE FLY IN MASTER'S OINTMENT! I'LL UNDO HIS JOB!



MAKING CERTAIN THAT HE IS NOT BEING WATCHED, CLARK TURNS TOWARD THE PREVIOUSLY SABOTAGED EQUIPMENT, AND...

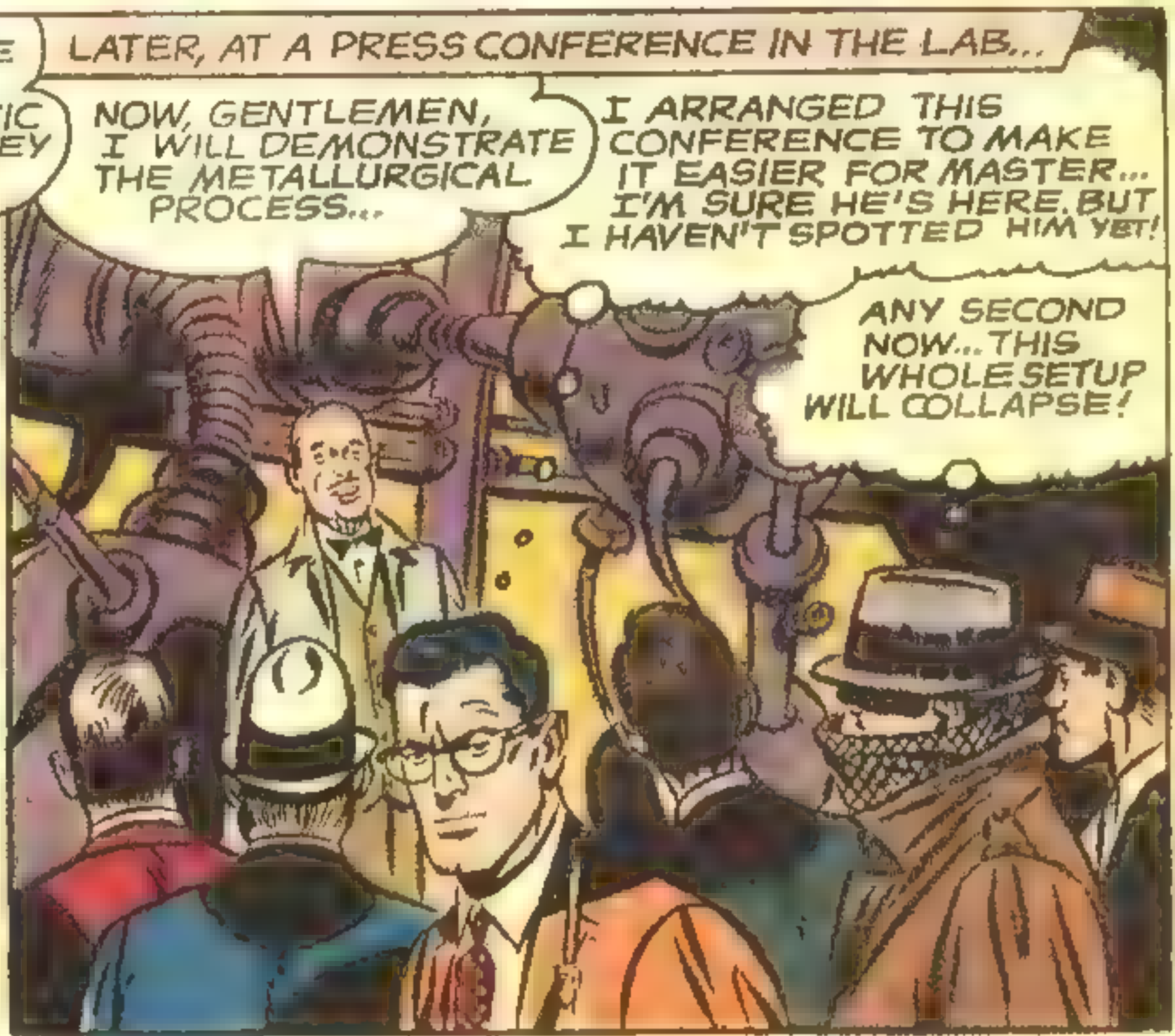
AT SUPER-SPEED, I'LL REMOVE THE ACID... EVAPORATE IT WITH MY HEAT VISION... THUS PREVENTING IT FROM EVENTUALLY CAUSING THE EQUIPMENT TO CRUMBLE!



THERE! NOW IT'S ALL UP TO THE ACID MASTER! I'M COUNTING ON THE PROBABILITY THAT HE'LL SHOW UP IN DISGUISE TO SEE THE EFFECTS OF HIS WORK!

MR. KENT! THE FILMS FROM THE AUTOMATIC CAMERAS! THEY SHOW...

QUIET... I HAVE THE SITUATION IN HAND!



LATER, AT A PRESS CONFERENCE IN THE LAB...

NOW, GENTLEMEN, I WILL DEMONSTRATE THE METALLURGICAL PROCESS...

I ARRANGED THIS CONFERENCE TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR MASTER... I'M SURE HE'S HERE, BUT I HAVEN'T SPOTTED HIM YET!

ANY SECOND NOW... THIS WHOLE SETUP WILL COLLAPSE!

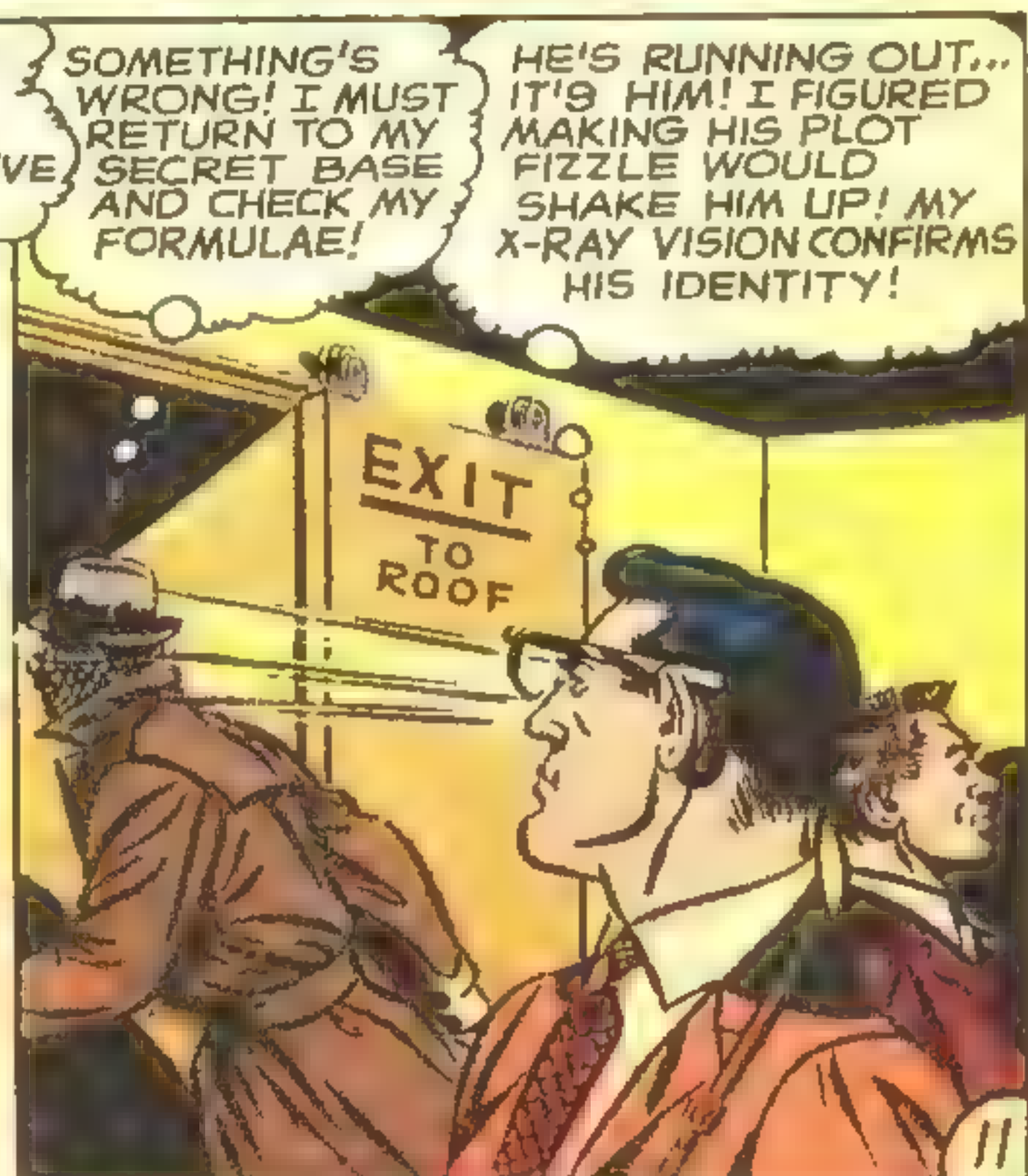


BUT...

AS YOU CAN SEE, THIS STEP STRENGTHENS THE...

I... DON'T UNDERSTAND... THE ACID SHOULD'VE WORKED MINUTES AGO!

HMM... THAT GUY'S AS JUMPY AS A FLEA ON A HOT STOVE! I THINK I'VE FOUND MY BOY!



SOMETHING'S WRONG! I MUST RETURN TO MY SECRET BASE AND CHECK MY FORMULAE!

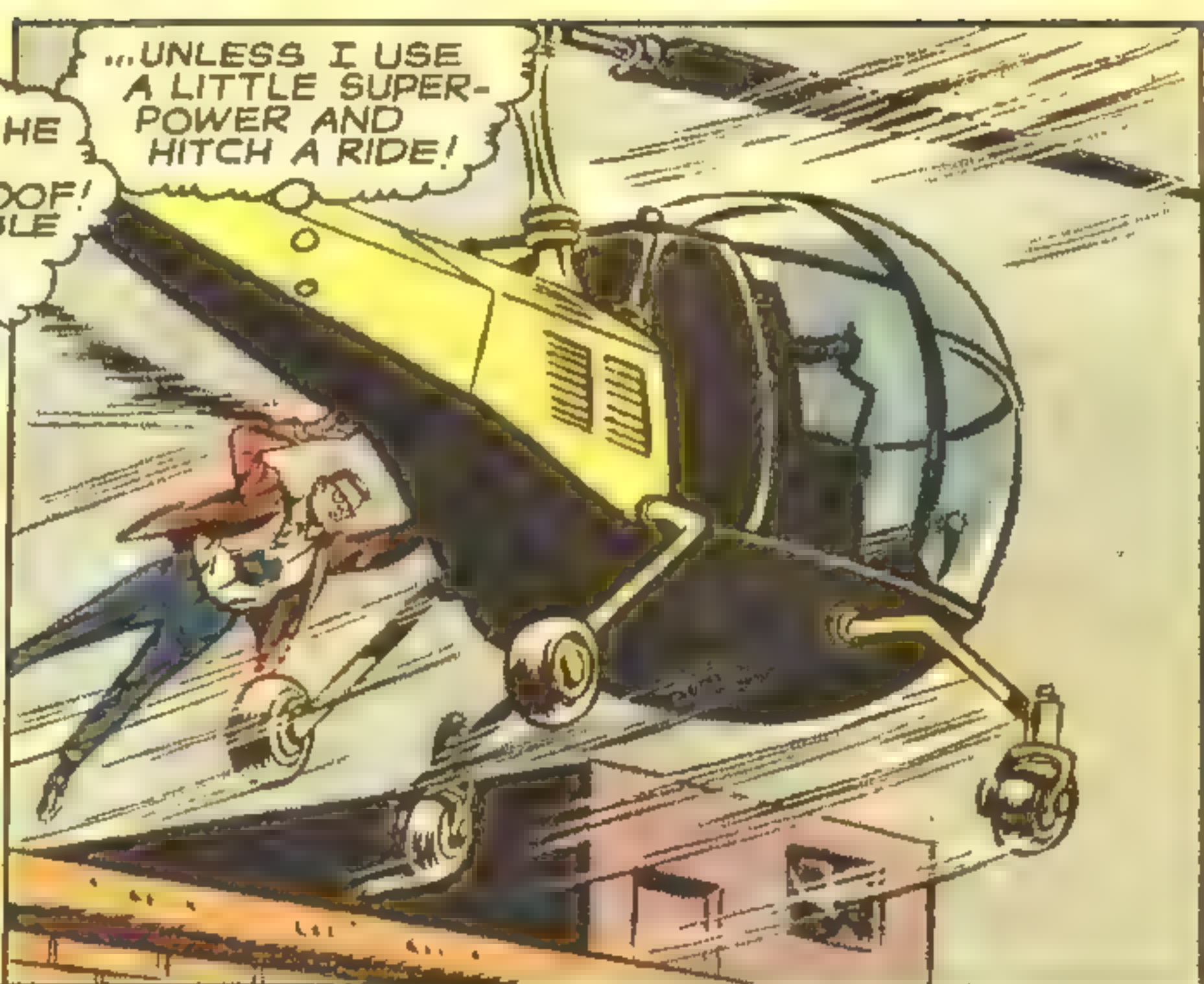
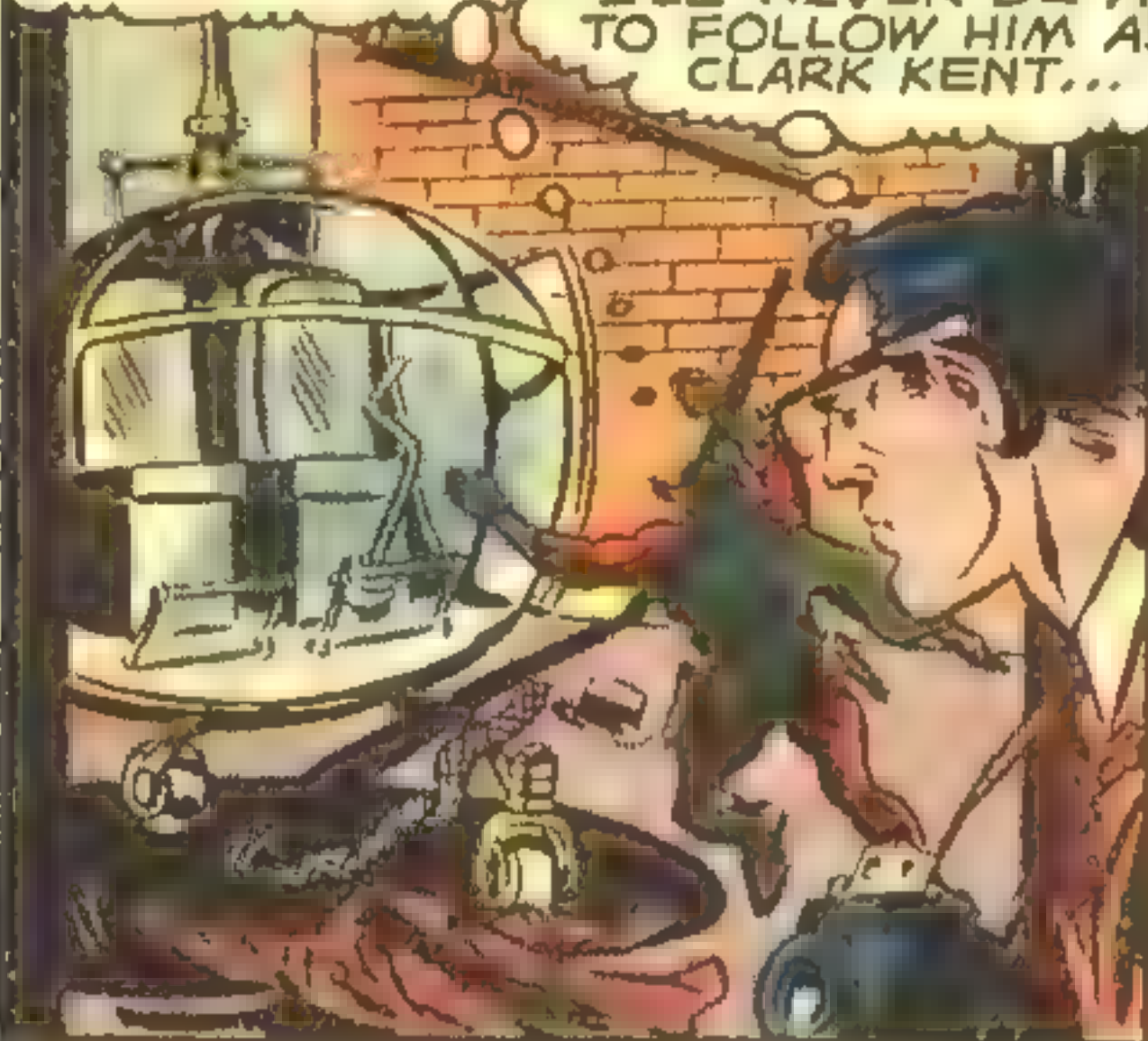
HE'S RUNNING OUT... IT'S HIM! I FIGURED MAKING HIS PLOT FIZZLE WOULD SHAKE HIM UP! MY X-RAY VISION CONFIRMS HIS IDENTITY!

SECONDS LATER, OUTSIDE...

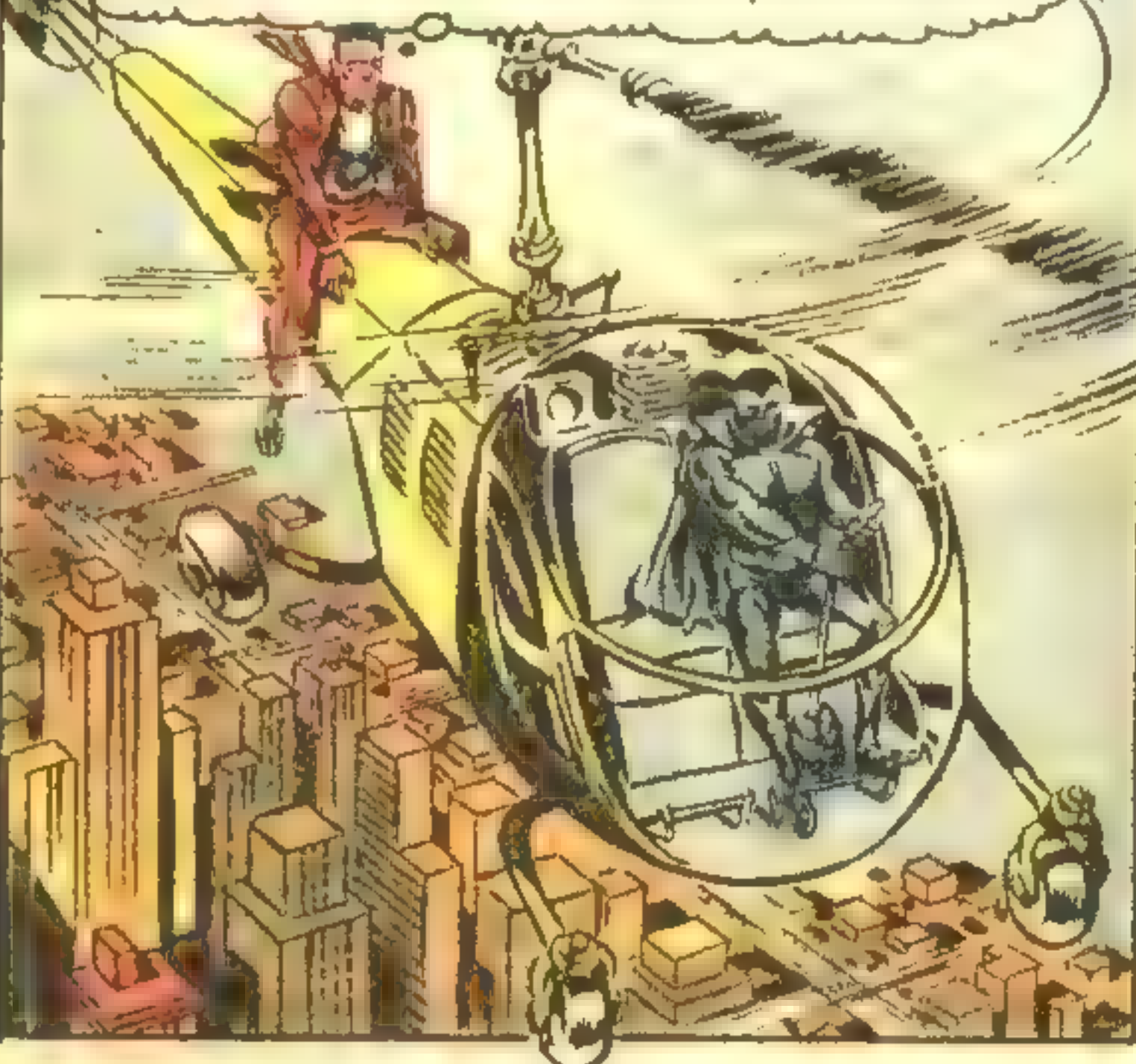
IT'S A RELIEF TO GET RID OF THOSE HOT RAGS!

GREAT KRYPTON! HE HAD A 'COPTER WAITING ON THE ROOF! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FOLLOW HIM AS CLARK KENT...

...UNLESS I USE A LITTLE SUPER-POWER AND HITCH A RIDE!

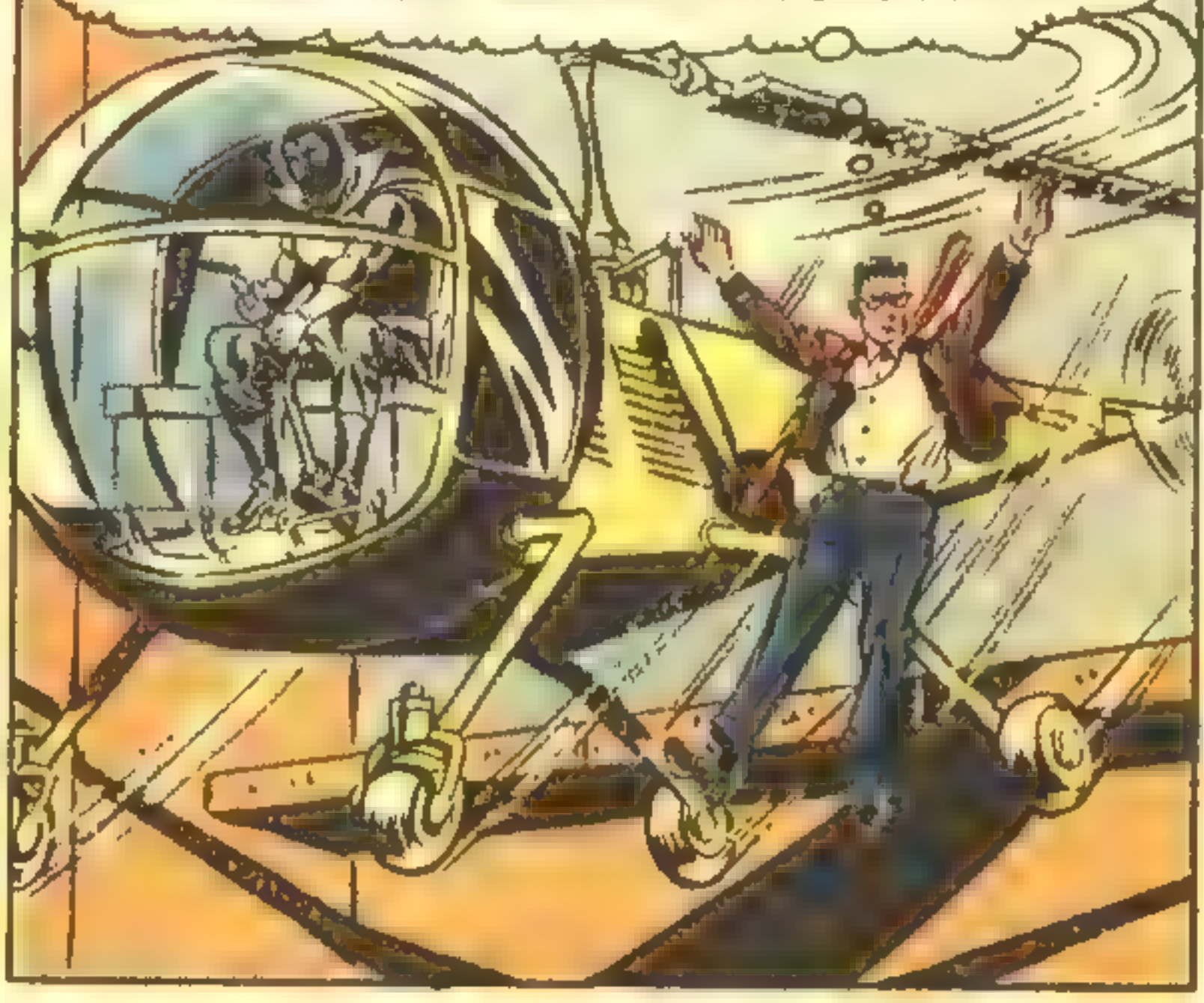


NOW I CAN JUST SIT TIGHT HERE AND LET MASTER CHAUFFEUR ME TO HIS SECRET HEADQUARTERS!



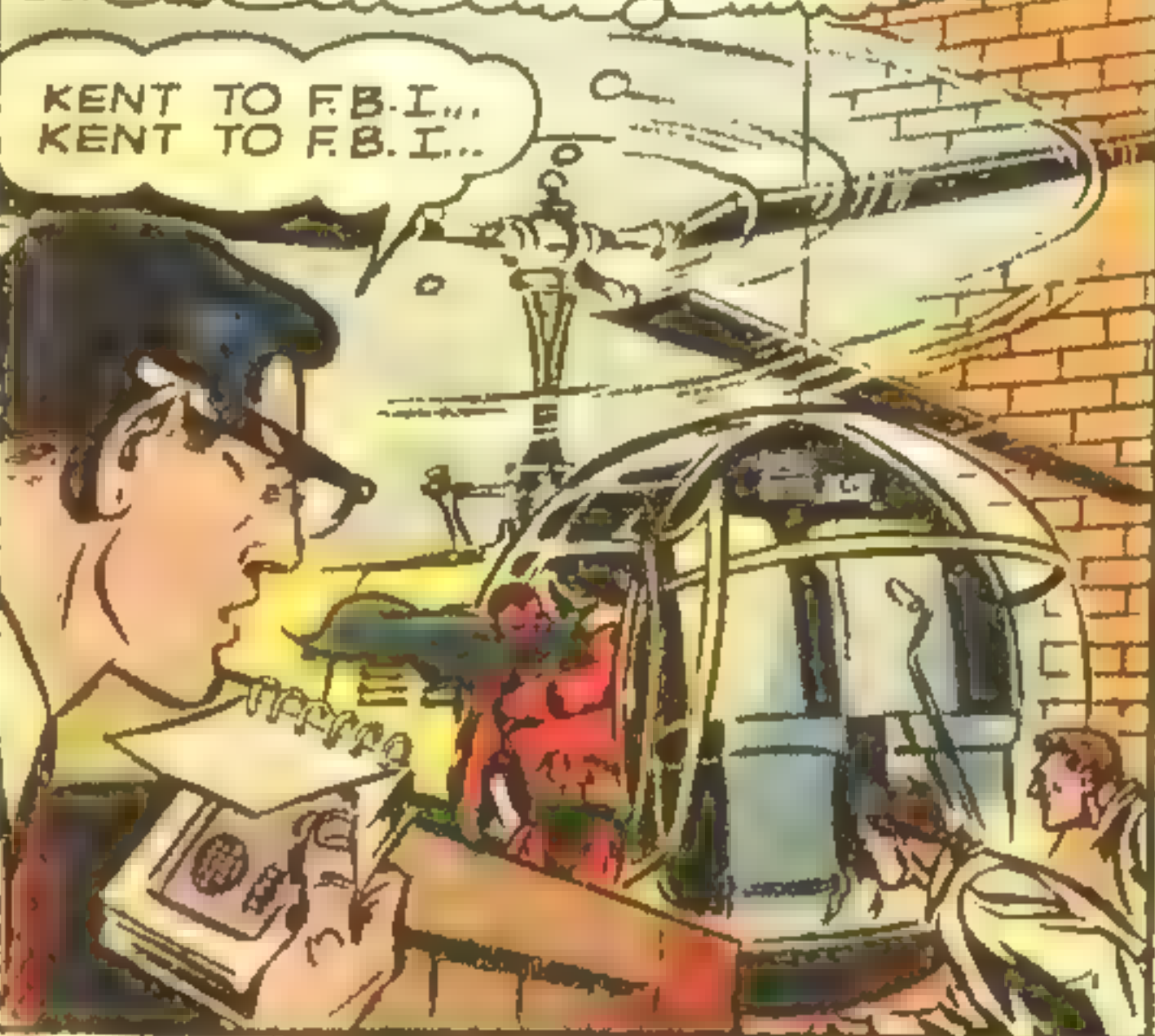
FINALLY...

WELL! A LARGE COMPLEX OF BUILDINGS...AN ABANDONED CHEMICAL PLANT! SO THIS IS HIS LAIR! WE'RE LANDING...A GOOD TIME TO HOP OFF AND HIDE BEFORE I'M SPOTTED!



AND NONE TOO SOON, EITHER! AN ENTIRE GROUND CREW IS RUSHING OUT TO SERVICE THE 'COPTER...MASTER MUST HAVE A LARGE ORGANIZATION!...I'D BETTER CONTACT HEADQUARTERS...

KENT TO F.B.I... KENT TO F.B.I...



THIS IS HEADQUARTERS...GO AHEAD, KENT!

EH? WHAT WAS THAT? AN INTRUDER!

IT'S THAT REPORTER, KENT, FROM THE LAB! HE'S A SPY!

I HAD THE VOLUME TOO LOUD! AND IF A BULLET HITS ME, MY SUPER-IDENTITY IS OUT!

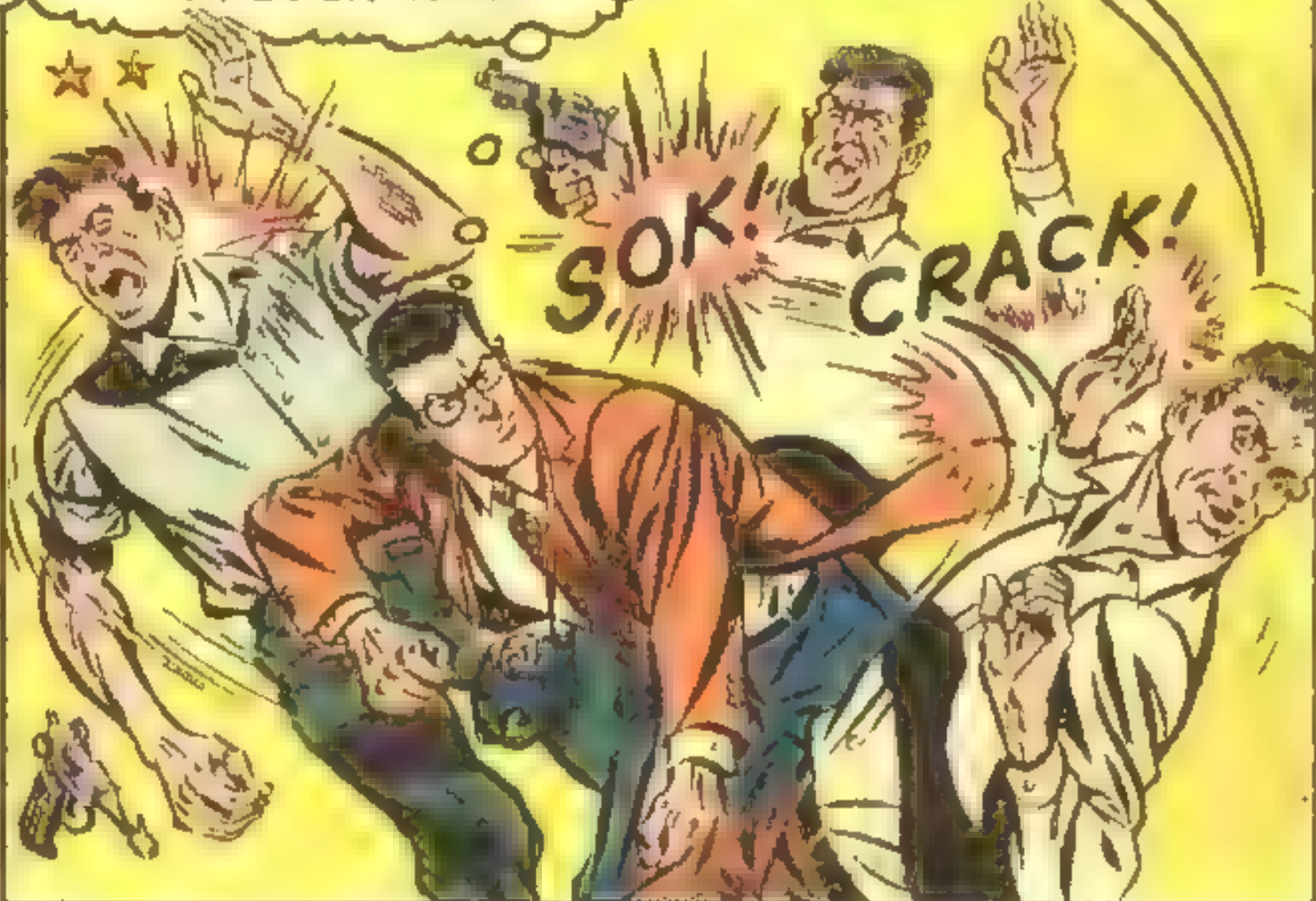
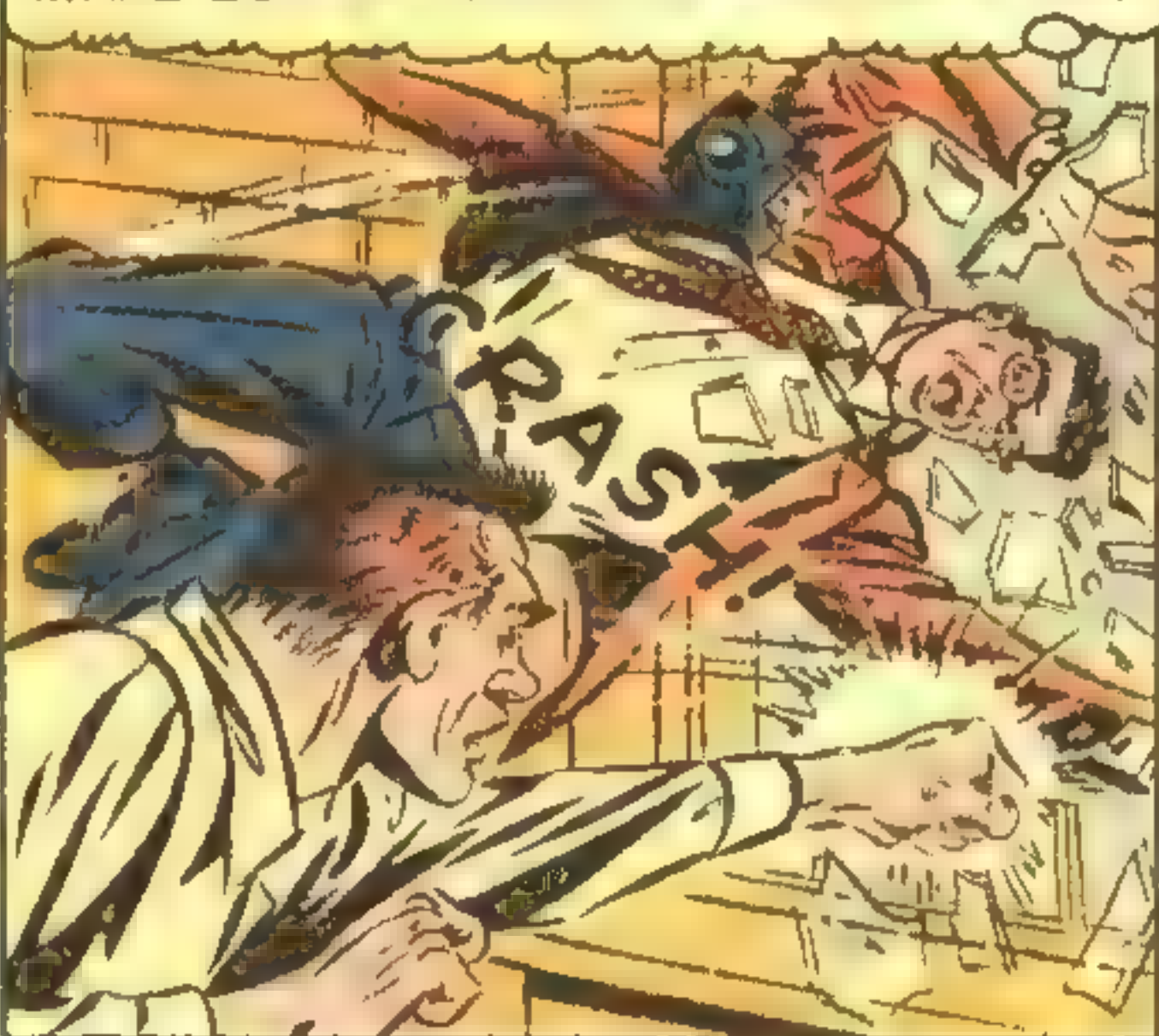
GET HIM!



ONLY ONE WAY OUT! I'LL JUST PUT MYSELF IN EASY FIST RANGE OF ONE OF THE TOUGHER THUGS AND FAKE BEING KNOCKED THROUGH THE WINDOW ...AND OUT OF RANGE OF THOSE GUNS!

OH, OH... MORE OF THE ACID MASTER'S MEN... NO PLACE TO RUN... I'LL HAVE TO SLUG MY WAY THROUGH THEM!

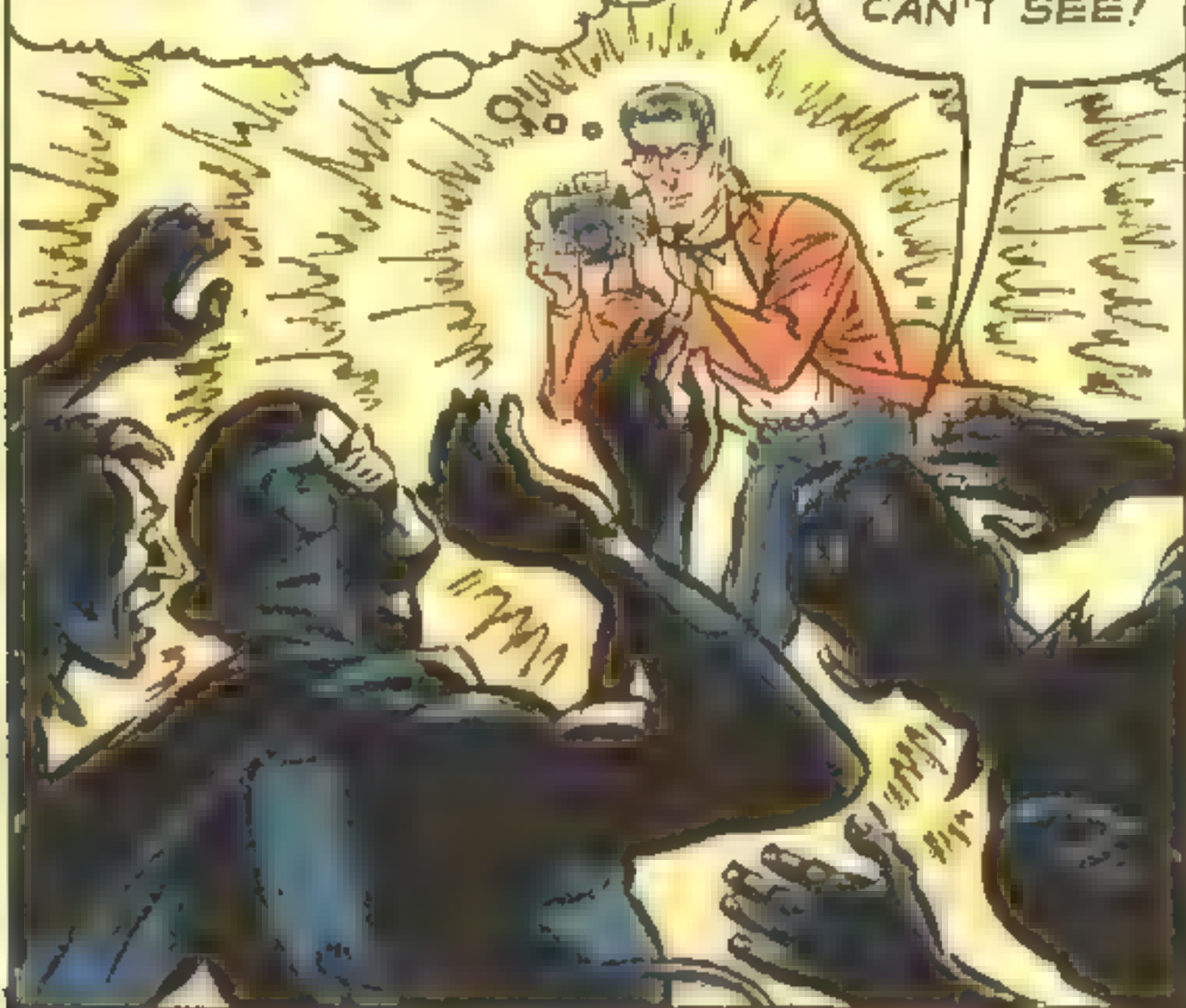
LOOK OUT! HE FIGHTS LIKE A TIGER!



THE ACID MASTER AND HIS CRONIES FINALLY FOUND THEIR WAY IN HERE FROM THE HELIPORT... BUT I'M READY FOR 'EM!

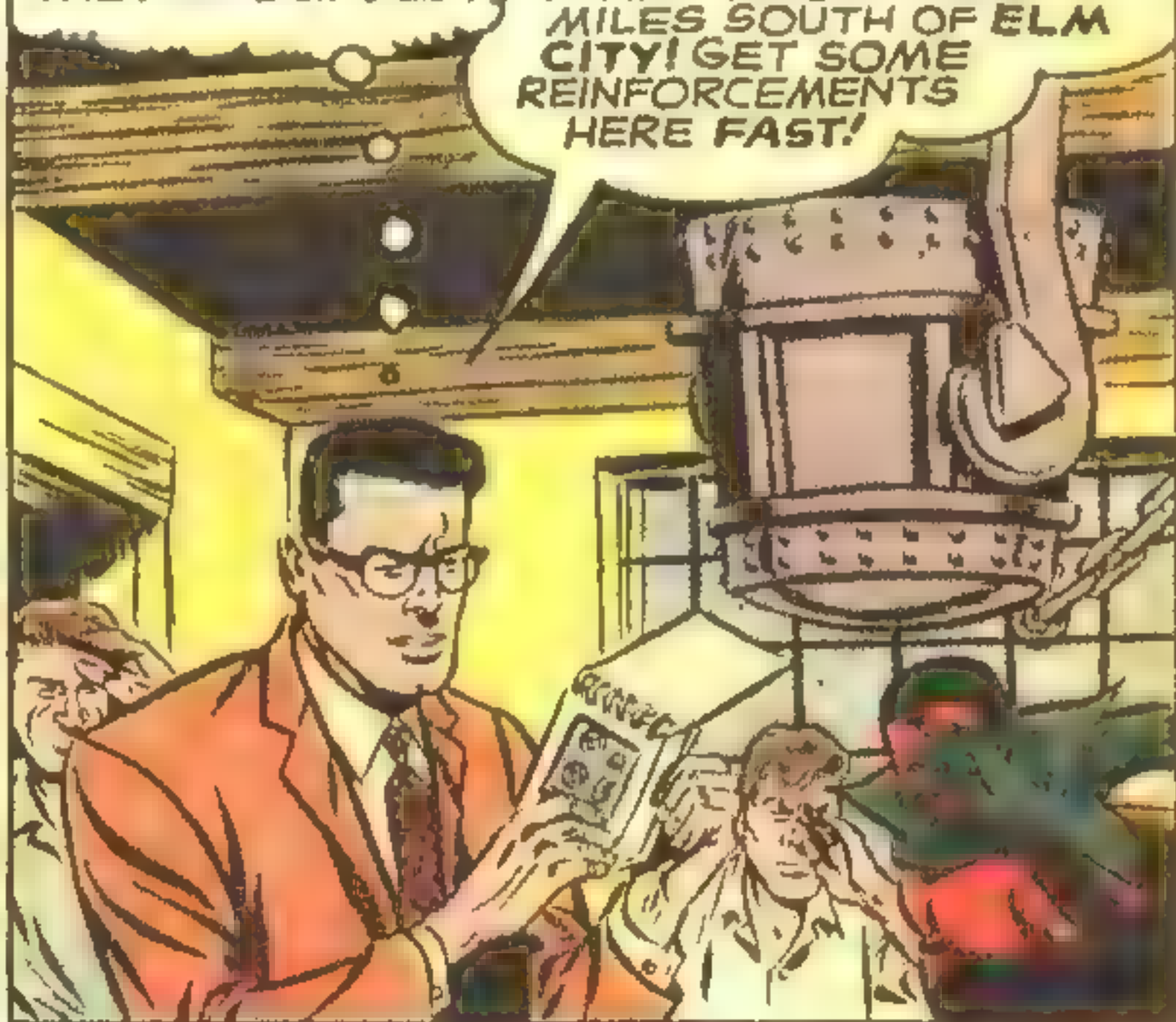
SAY "CHEESE"!

WHA...? CAN'T SEE!



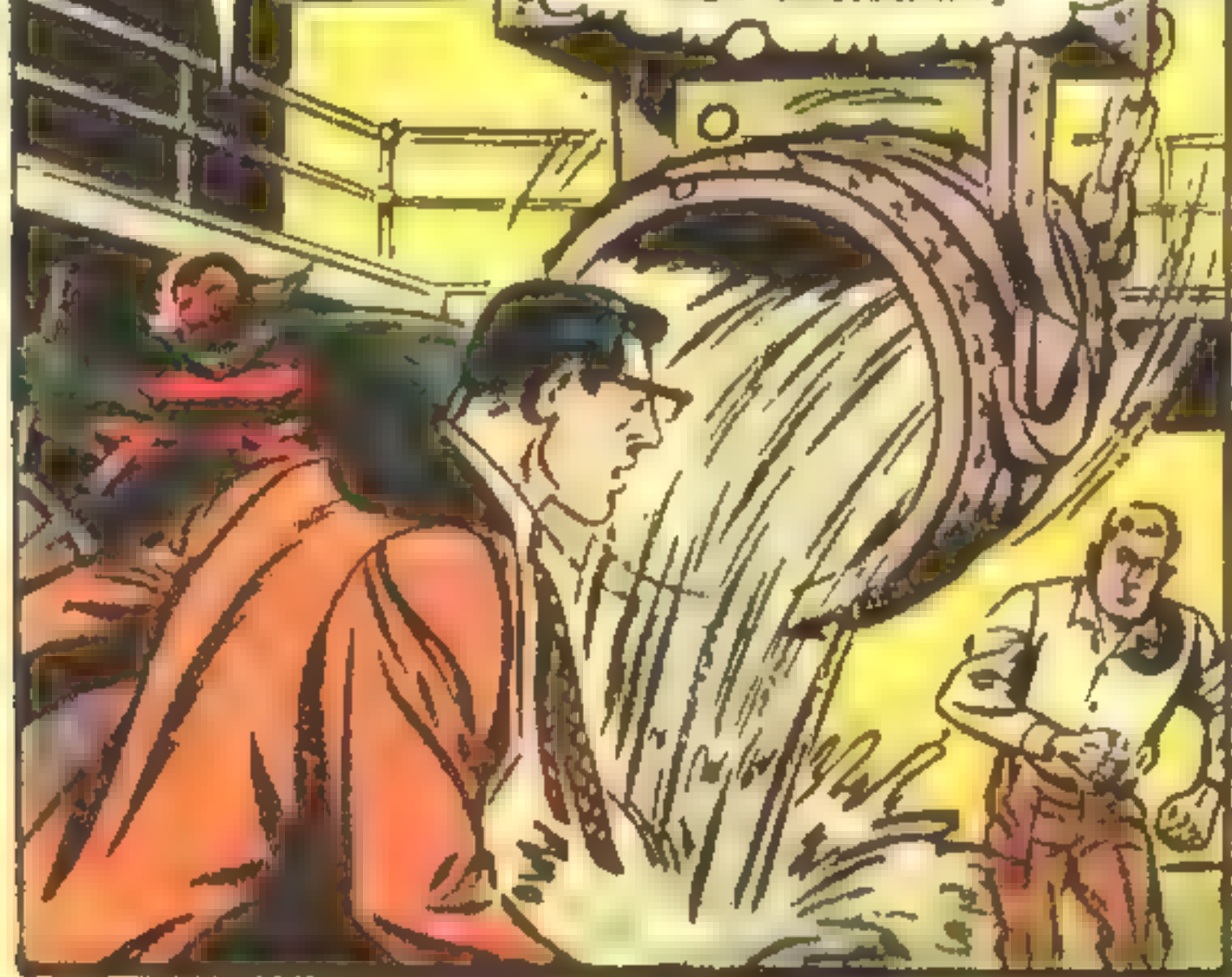
NOW TO CONTACT H.Q., WHILE THEY'RE BLINDED!

KENT TO F.B.I.! I'M IN AN ABANDONED CHEMICAL PLANT ABOUT TEN MILES SOUTH OF ELM CITY! GET SOME REINFORCEMENTS HERE FAST!



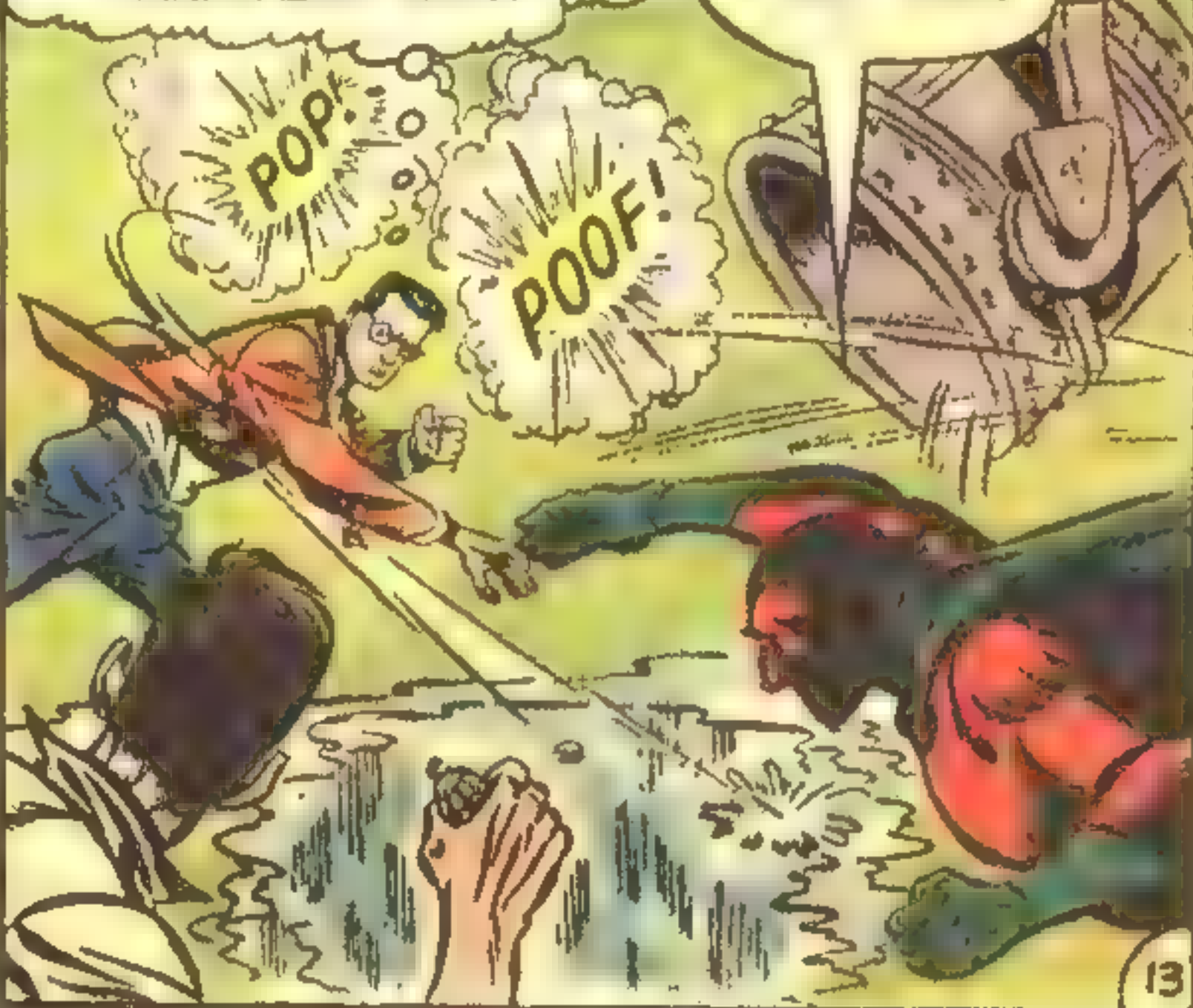
AH! THERE YOU ARE, KENT! BUT NOT FOR LONG!

THEY'VE REGAINED THEIR SIGHT... TIPPING A HUGE CONTAINER OF NITRIC ACID AT ME... CAN'T AVOID IT... IT'LL DISSOLVE MY STREET CLOTHES... REVEAL I'M SUPERMAN!



...WAIT... I CAN COUNTER IT WITH THESE ALKALAI COAT BUTTONS... FORMING HARMLESS SALT!

GET HIM! THROW YOUR ACID-GRENADES! GET HIM!



TA, TA, KENT!
THOSE STINGING
VAPORS WILL
DESTROY YOUR
EYESIGHT AND...
URK!

HIS ACIDS CAN'T
HURT ME... BUT
I'LL BET THEY'LL
BOTHER HIM!

KENT'S
GLASSES
MUST BE
TREATED
TO REPEL
OUR ACIDS...
HE STILL
SEES!

NO GO! MASTER'S SUIT'S
ACID-PROOF! AS
SUPERMAN, I COULD
MOP UP THESE HOODS
IN RECORD TIME!...
BUT I HAVE TO PLAY IT
CLARK KENT STYLE!

HA! KENT'S TOO
BUSY TO NOTICE
ME SNEAKING UP
BEHIND HIM!

SOK!

NOW!
OH, GREAT! SOMEONE
BEHIND ME HIT ME
WITH A PIPE... HAVE TO
PLAY UNCONSCIOUS!

GOOD WORK,
IGOR! QUICK!
TIE HIM UP!

CLANG!

THE PIPE
BENT OVER
HIS HEAD!
HE MUST HAVE
A SKULL OF
IRON!

IT FIGURES,
FOR THE
MAN OF
STEEL!

I HEARD HIM
CONTACTING THE
F.B.I.! WHEN
THEY GET HERE,
I HAVE A
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE
WAITING!

HAUL KENT INSIDE,
IGOR, AND GUARD
HIM!

I WON'T TAKE
MY EYES OFF
HIM!

HOW CAN I SAVE THOSE F.B.I.
MEN? I COULD SNAP THESE
ROPES LIKE THREADS IF GOOD
OLD IGOR WEREN'T HERE!
WAIT! ...IN MY POCKET... THE
PENCIL! OF COURSE!

I'LL JUST
UNSCREW
THE LEAD
NEARLY ALL
THE WAY...

NOW I'LL DROP IT, AND MAKE A BIG FUSS OVER IT...

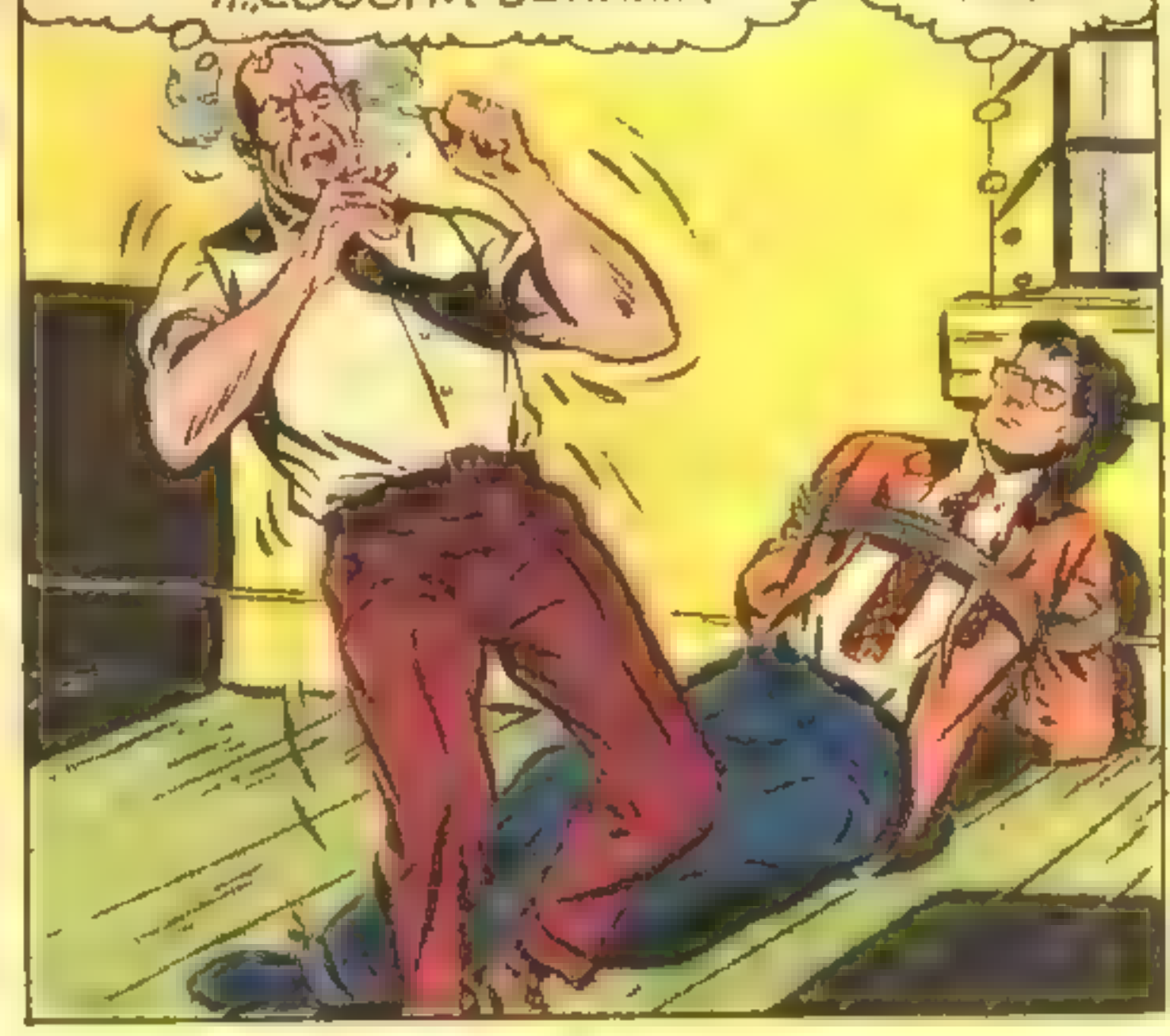
OH, NO! I DROPPED THE PENCIL... I MUST REACH IT!

THAT PENCIL MUST BE A WEAPON! I'LL GET IT!



HMM! HE WAS UNSCREWING THE LEAD! I WONDER WHAT'S HIDDEN INSIDE? I'LL JUST ...COUGH! UHHHHH...

IT WORKED! SWEET DREAMS, IGOR!



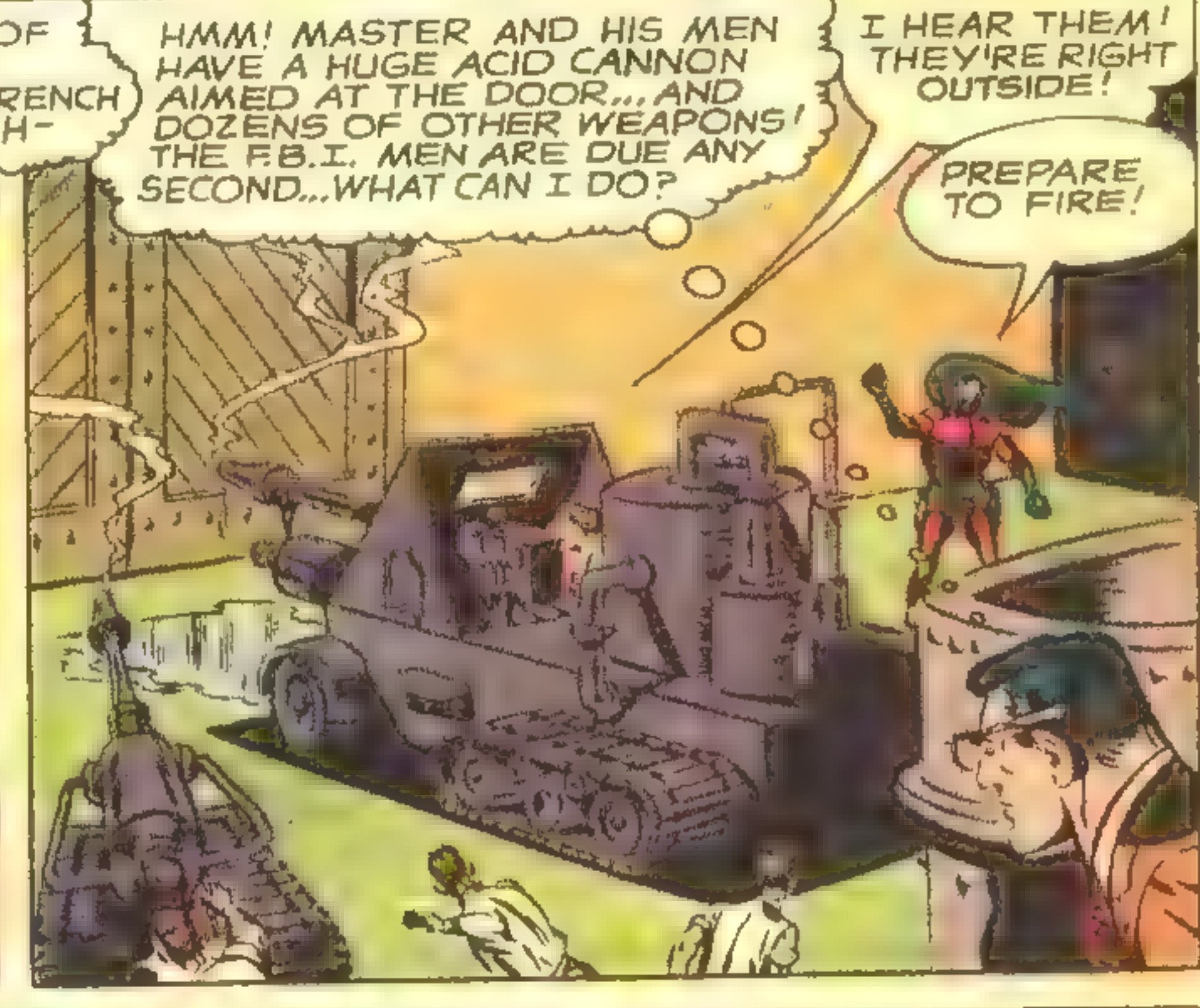
NOW TO GET RID OF THESE ROPES AND TOSS A MONKEY WRENCH IN MASTER'S DEATH-TRAP!



HMM! MASTER AND HIS MEN HAVE A HUGE ACID CANNON AIMED AT THE DOOR... AND DOZENS OF OTHER WEAPONS! THE F.B.I. MEN ARE DUE ANY SECOND... WHAT CAN I DO?

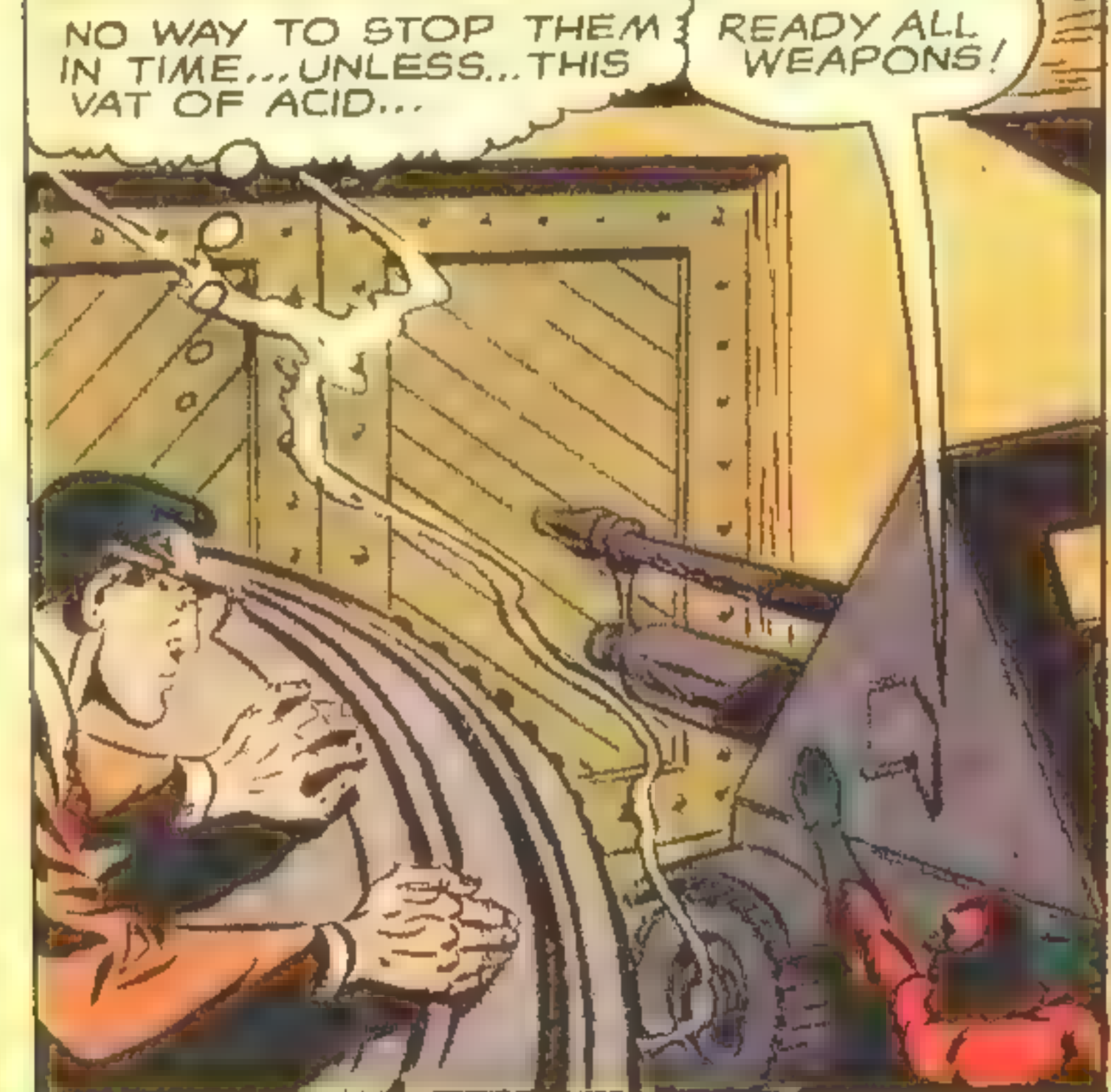
I HEAR THEM! THEY'RE RIGHT OUTSIDE!

PREPARE TO FIRE!



NO WAY TO STOP THEM IN TIME... UNLESS... THIS VAT OF ACID...

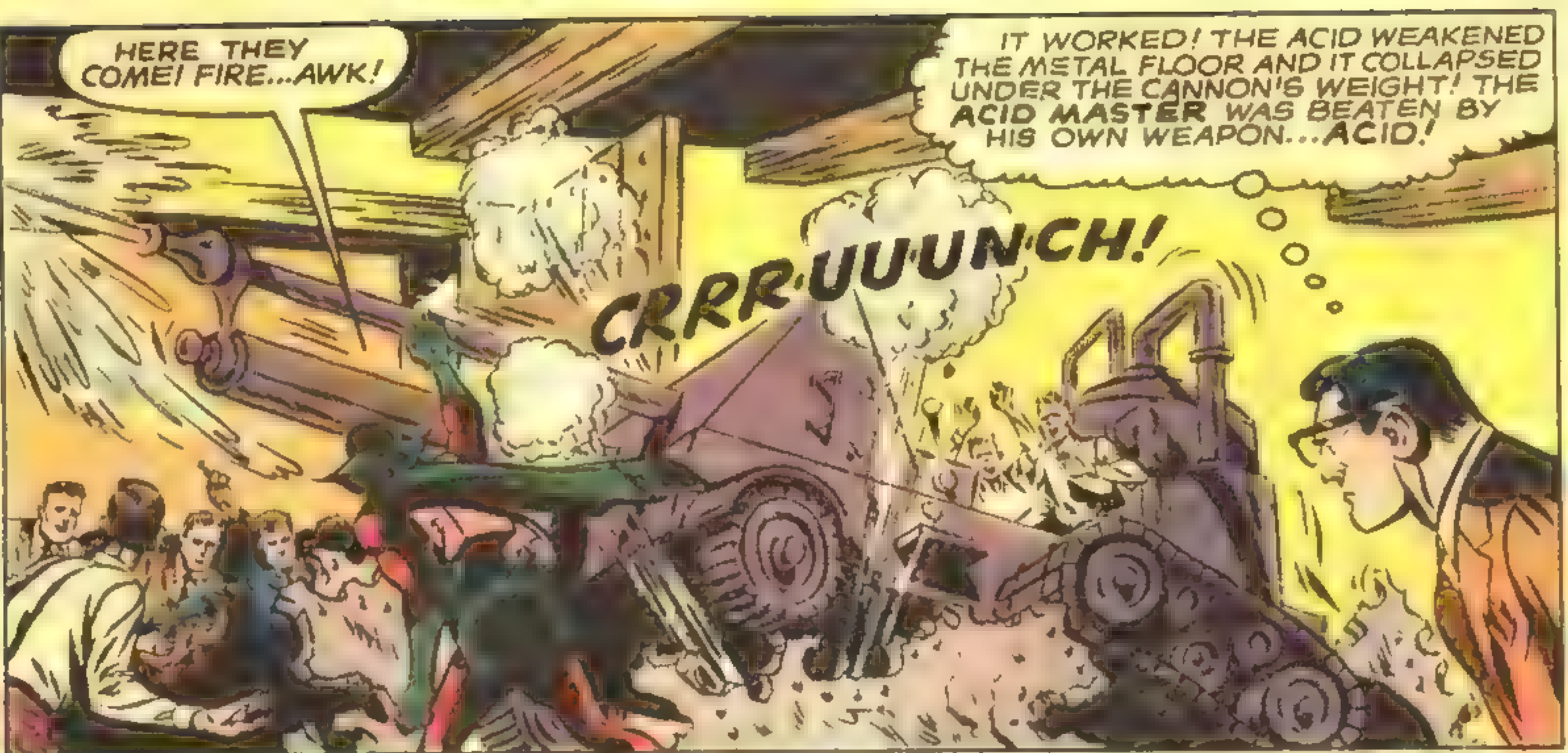
READY ALL WEAPONS!



THIS BETTER WORK... FAST... MY X-RAY EYES SHOW THE FEDERAL MEN ABOUT TO COME IN! IF THIS FAILS, I'LL HAVE TO GO INTO SUPER-ACTION... SECRET IDENTITY OR NO SECRET IDENTITY!

AIM!... WHEN THEY ENTER... OPEN FIRE!

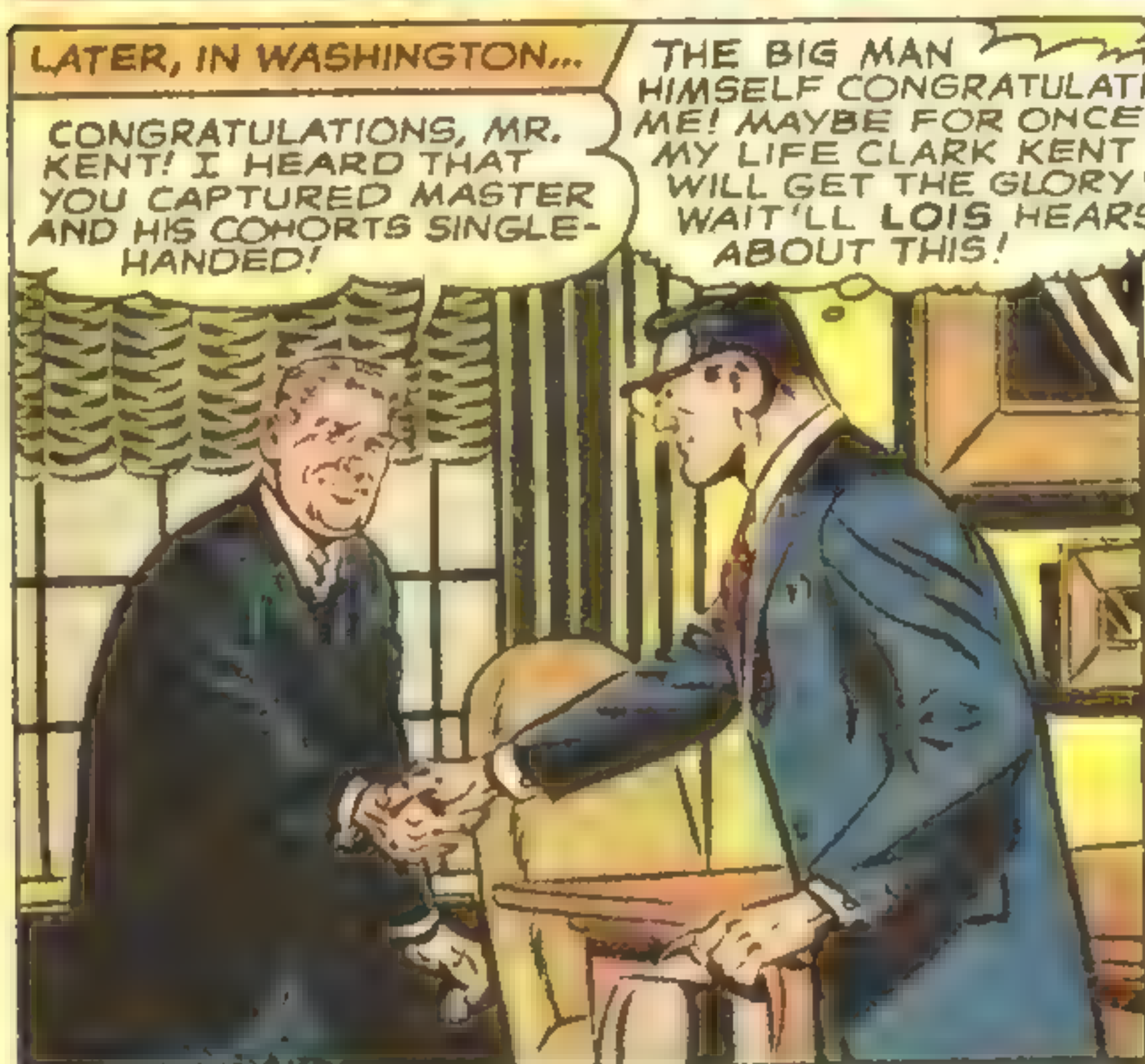




HERE THEY COME! FIRE...AWK!

IT WORKED! THE ACID WEAKENED THE METAL FLOOR AND IT COLLAPSED UNDER THE CANNON'S WEIGHT! THE ACID MASTER WAS BEATEN BY HIS OWN WEAPON...ACID!

CRRR-UUUNCH!



LATER, IN WASHINGTON...

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. KENT! I HEARD THAT YOU CAPTURED MASTER AND HIS COHORTS SINGLE-HANDED!

THE BIG MAN HIMSELF CONGRATULATING ME! MAYBE FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE CLARK KENT WILL GET THE GLORY! WAIT'LL LOIS HEARS ABOUT THIS!



OF COURSE, WE CAN'T RELEASE YOUR NAME TO THE PRESS...IT WOULD MAKE YOU A TARGET FOR ENEMY ASSASSINS!

WELL, THAT LITTLE DAY-DREAM HAD A SHORT LIFE!



AND SO, BACK IN METROPOLIS...

BACK FROM YOUR LEAVE OF ABSENCE ALREADY, CLARK? LOOK WHAT'S IN THE HEADLINES... "UNKNOWN CIVILIAN TRAPS SABOTEUR"! I WONDER WHO HE WAS?

YOU CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL!



I KNOW ONE THING, THOUGH...WHOEVER HE WAS, YOU COULD TAKE A FEW LESSONS IN COURAGE FROM HIM!

OF COURSE, AS CLARK, I'D SETTLE FOR WINNING JUST ONCE!



Dear Editor:

I have, finally, found a boo-boo. On page 7 of "Superman's Nightmare Dreams," you have a sphinx which you state is an Egyptian sphinx. But an Egyptian sphinx had the head of a man and the body, legs, feet and tail of a lion—and *no* wings. A Greek sphinx, however, had the head of a woman, body, legs, feet and tail of a lion, and the wings of an eagle. It was also Greek sphinxes who asked riddles, according to the myth of Oedipus. So your sphinx was obviously Greek. Also, couldn't the woman's head and lion's body be inspired by a different Batman villain than the Riddler—the Catwoman?—Gil Arnold, Rossville, Ga. (We accept your criticism—as long as you don't tell us our mag "sphinx"!—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

I have seen many products with the Superman trade mark—bubble gum, costumes, masks, games, hand-puppets, and I don't know what all! Is it true that for every one of these things which is sold—every single piece of gum—DC gets a royalty?

—Eddie Jason, Encino, Calif.

(You can bet your sweet life it's true! The Man of Steel is a valuable property! But those profits are poured back into our magazines to make our comics the best on the market—for you and our other fans!—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

Please help me! I know a lot of people have seen UFO's (Unidentified Flying Objects)—or "flying saucers," as they're popularly called. But I am seeing flying Supermen. On several occasions recently, I have spotted men actually flying in the air above my neighborhood. I can't find anyone else who will admit having seen them, though. Who should I contact to report this phenomenon?—Eric Hall, Kalamazoo, Mich. (Your psychiatrist. If he can't help you, we suggest you check in at your nearest funny farm. There you'll meet characters who think they're Napoleon.—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

My father is a missionary here in Kafirstan, and we're pretty far from western civilization. I have lived all my life here. Recently, we got a shipment of comic magazines from America—though they are a bit old. One is called ACTION COMICS. It is No. 1, dated June, 1938. I must say that most of the features are quite good—Tex Thompson, Pep Morgan, Scoop Scanlon, Chuck Dawson, and especially The Adventures of Marco Polo. Zatara the Magician is a bit silly, but the most outrageously ridiculous of them all is a thing called Superman. Imagine—a fantastic character in long underwear who goes around lifting tremendous weights and taking half-mile leaps! Frankly, I don't see how anyone could print such absurdities, and I'm sure the reading public won't take to this feature. By now, though, you've undoubtedly long since realized this and killed the strip.

—William Godfrey, Kafirstan, Afghanistan

(Don't ever go into the fortune-telling business, Willie! You aren't cut out for it! The Man of Might is still

flying high after 29 years, while Tex, Pep, Scoop and Chuck have long ago passed into limbo. Kafirstan must be far off the beaten track if you've never before heard of Supie. He's merely the best-known comic hero on Earth!—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

I missed the play "It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman!" Is there a possibility that it will be revived in the near future? I'd sure like to see it!

—David Fletcher, Providence, R.I.

(There are no plans for a revival at present, though there is talk of a possible TV special based on the play. However, if you want to read it, you'll find not only the complete play itself, but, in the same 24-page section, numerous photographs from the Broadway production and several pictures of Superman (including his origin) from our magazines, in a fascinating volume, THE BEST PLAYS OF 1965-1966, edited by Otis L. Guernsey, Jr. Look for it in your local bookstore, or order it direct from the publisher, Dodd, Mead and Company, 432 Park Avenue-South, New York, N.Y. 10016. The price is \$7.50. Add 30¢ for postage and handling.—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

My Uncle runs a small menagerie—a kind of children's zoo. I suggested that he make the Superman Family the theme of the zoo, and he liked the idea. So now we have a dog named Krypto, a cat named Streaky, a horse named Comet, a monkey named Beppo, and a greyhound named Swifty. They all wear super-capes, just like the super-animals in your magazines. In fact, Beppo wears a complete Superbaby outfit, exactly like Super-Monkey. However, we're having some trouble from a competitor across the road. You see, he's a fan of Brand I mags and he hates Superman. So he has dressed a donkey in a super-cape and calls it "Super-Jackass." Naturally, this has me boiling mad. What do you think I should do?

—Jack Gordon, Albuquerque, N.M.

(Add an exhibit of a snake-in-the-grass dressed like him!—Ed.)

Now we just have room for the latest suggestions in the way of new titles for this column. Since the one in SUPERMAN has the same name, we're looking for a new one for the ACTION letter department. Here are the newest ideas:

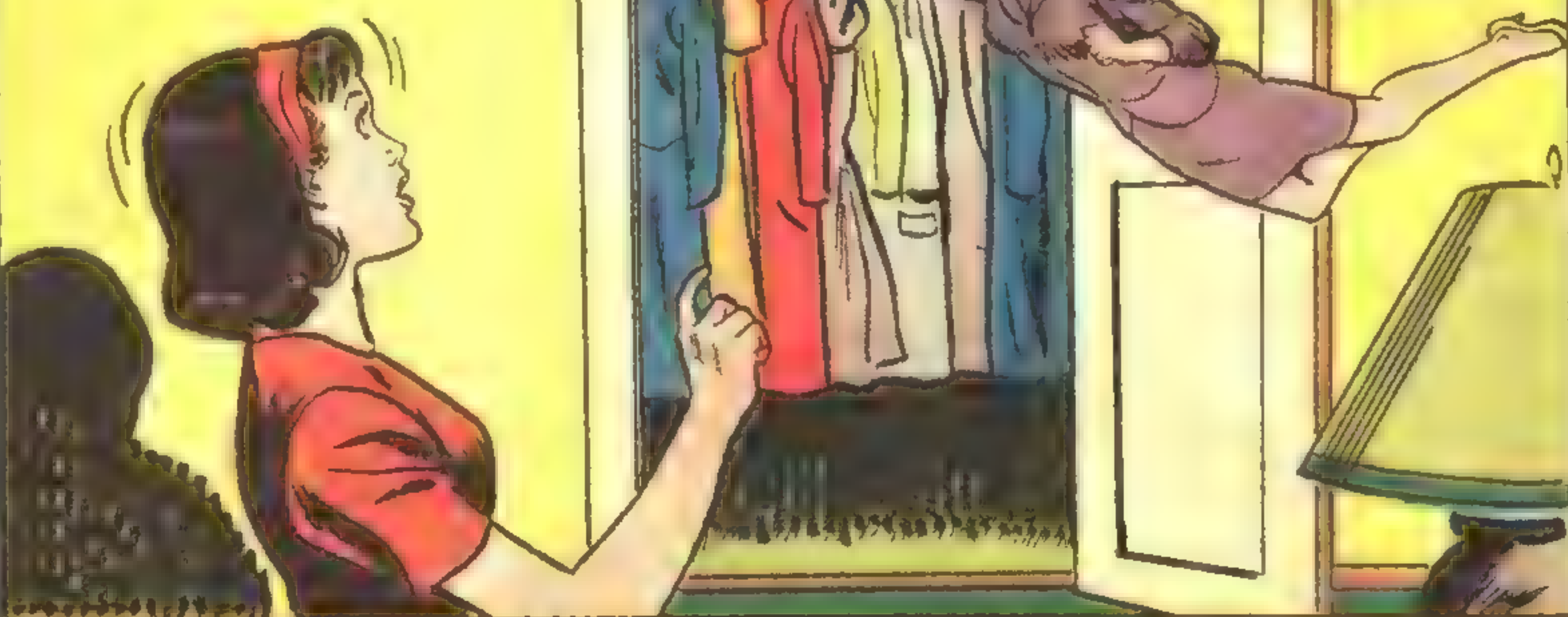
Michael E. Colby, Hewlett Bay Park, L.I., N.Y.: "Loads of Letters-to the Els"; "The Super-Column"; "The Super-Sack"; "The Kryptonese Corner"; "The Super-Man and Super-Maid's Super-Mail." . . . Harry Ripley, Jr., Bradford, Me.: "Write to the Right-Fighting Cousins"; "Slambang Super-Mail"; "Cousins' Courier-Service"; "Mail for the Mighty"; "Cousins' Mail-Call." . . . Don Smith, Lancaster, N.Y.: "The Action Answering Service" or "Man and Maid of Might's Mailsack."

Send all comments, preferably on a postal card, to METROPOLIS MAILBAG, National Periodical Publications, 575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Don't forget to include your ZIP CODE!

SUPERGIRL

THOSE HEAVY SUITCASES...
YOU'RE FLYING WITH THEM!
THEN YOU'RE **SUPER!**

AS SUPER AS YOU
ARE IN YOUR
SUPERGIRL IDENTITY,
LINDA! I'LL CLEAR
IT UP FOR YOU IN A
MINUTE!



FOR PETE'S SAKE! WILL THE REAL **SUPERGIRL** PLEASE STAND UP? WHERE DID THIS SECOND GIRL OF STEEL COME FROM? WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE ON EARTH? AND HOW DOES SHE KNOW LINDA (**SUPERGIRL**) DANVERS' IDENTITY? ONE THING WE CAN TELL YOU-- THERE'S TROUBLE IN STORE FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEROINE WHEN SHE GETS A HELPING HAND FROM... *The*

ASSISTANT **SUPERGIRL!**

AT STANHOPE COLLEGE, LINDA LEE (**SUPERGIRL**) DANVERS AWAITS THE START OF NEW TERM...



I'M ON PINS AND NEEDLES
WONDERING WHO MY
NEW ROOM-MATE WILL
BE!...OH, HERE SHE
COMES NOW!

HI! YOU MUST BE
LINDA DANVERS.
I'M KARA
STRANGE, YOUR
NEW ROOM-MATE.

KARA? THAT'S
MY **KRYPTONIAN**
NAME...THE ONE I
HAD BEFORE I
CAME TO EARTH!



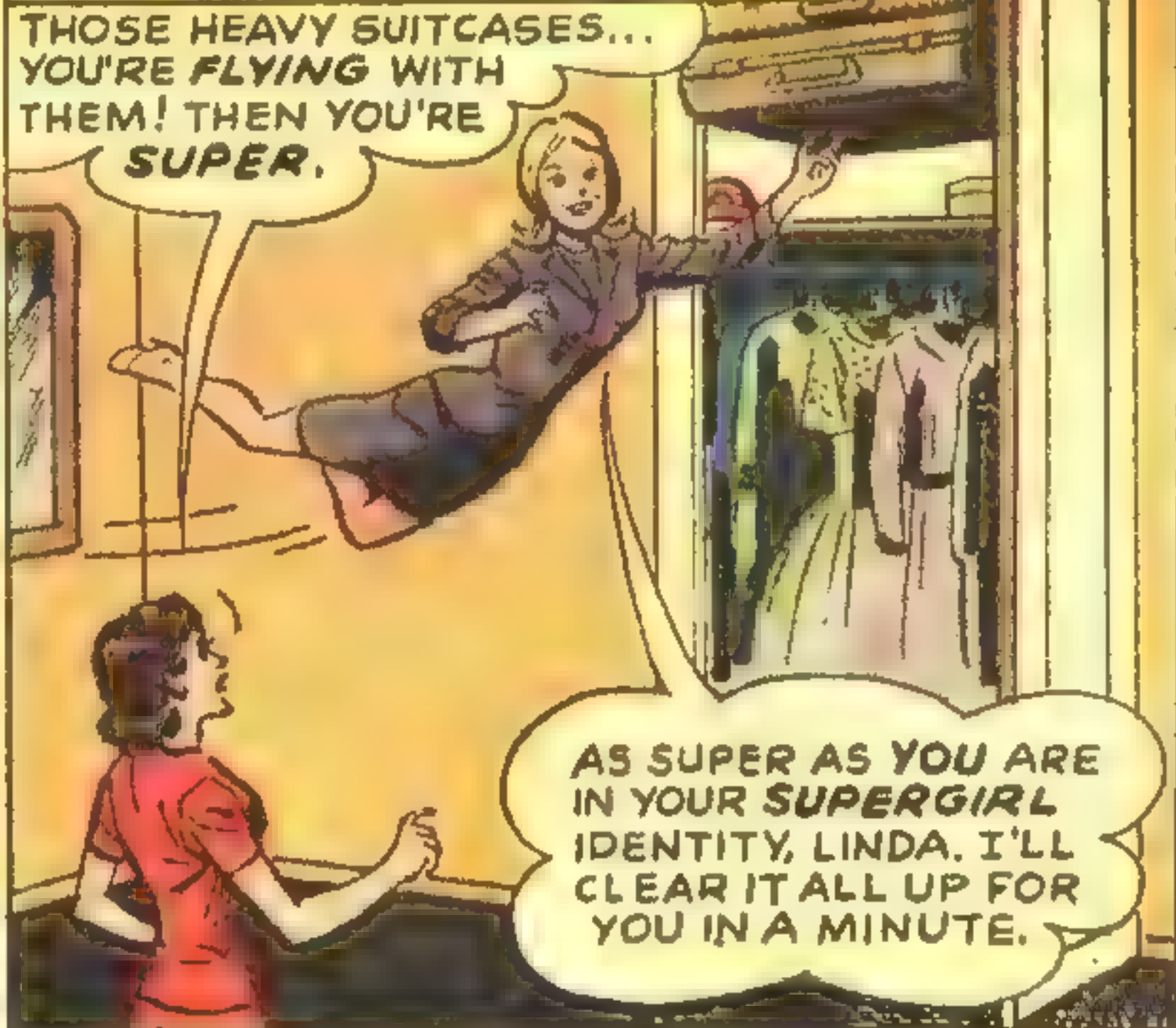
THE PUZZLE DEEPENS AS KARA UNPACKS...



BUT WHERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES, SHOES AND DRESSES? ALL YOU HAVE IN THERE ARE TOOLS AND CANS OF LUBRICATING OIL.

BELIEVE ME, THEY'LL COME IN HANDY, LINDA.

THEN, EVEN MORE AMAZINGLY...



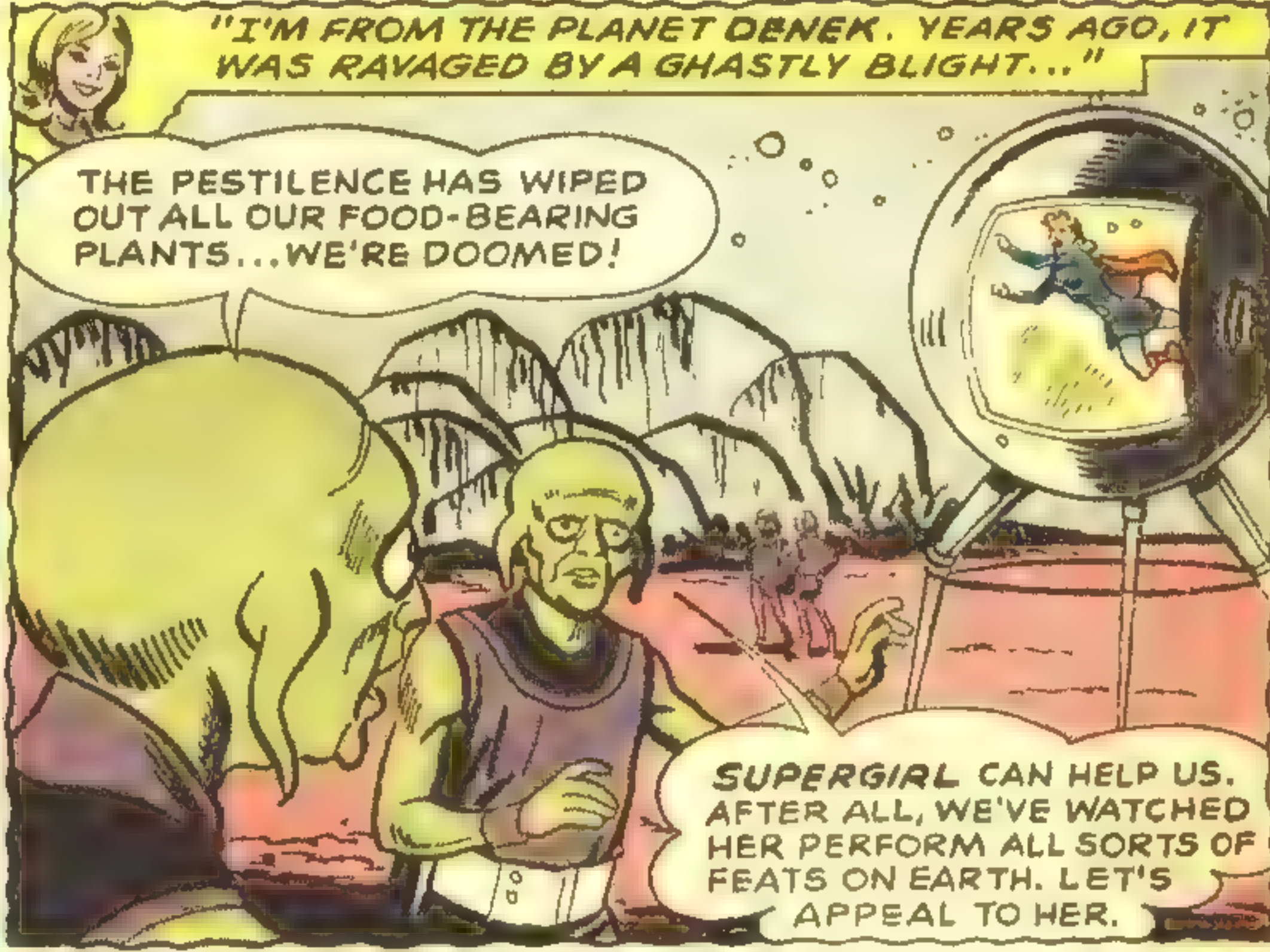
THOSE HEAVY SUITCASES... YOU'RE FLYING WITH THEM! THEN YOU'RE SUPER.

AS SUPER AS YOU ARE IN YOUR SUPERGIRL IDENTITY, LINDA. I'LL CLEAR IT ALL UP FOR YOU IN A MINUTE.



I'M A ROBOT...A SUPER-ROBOT! THIS FAKE BRACELET MASKS MY CONTROLS.

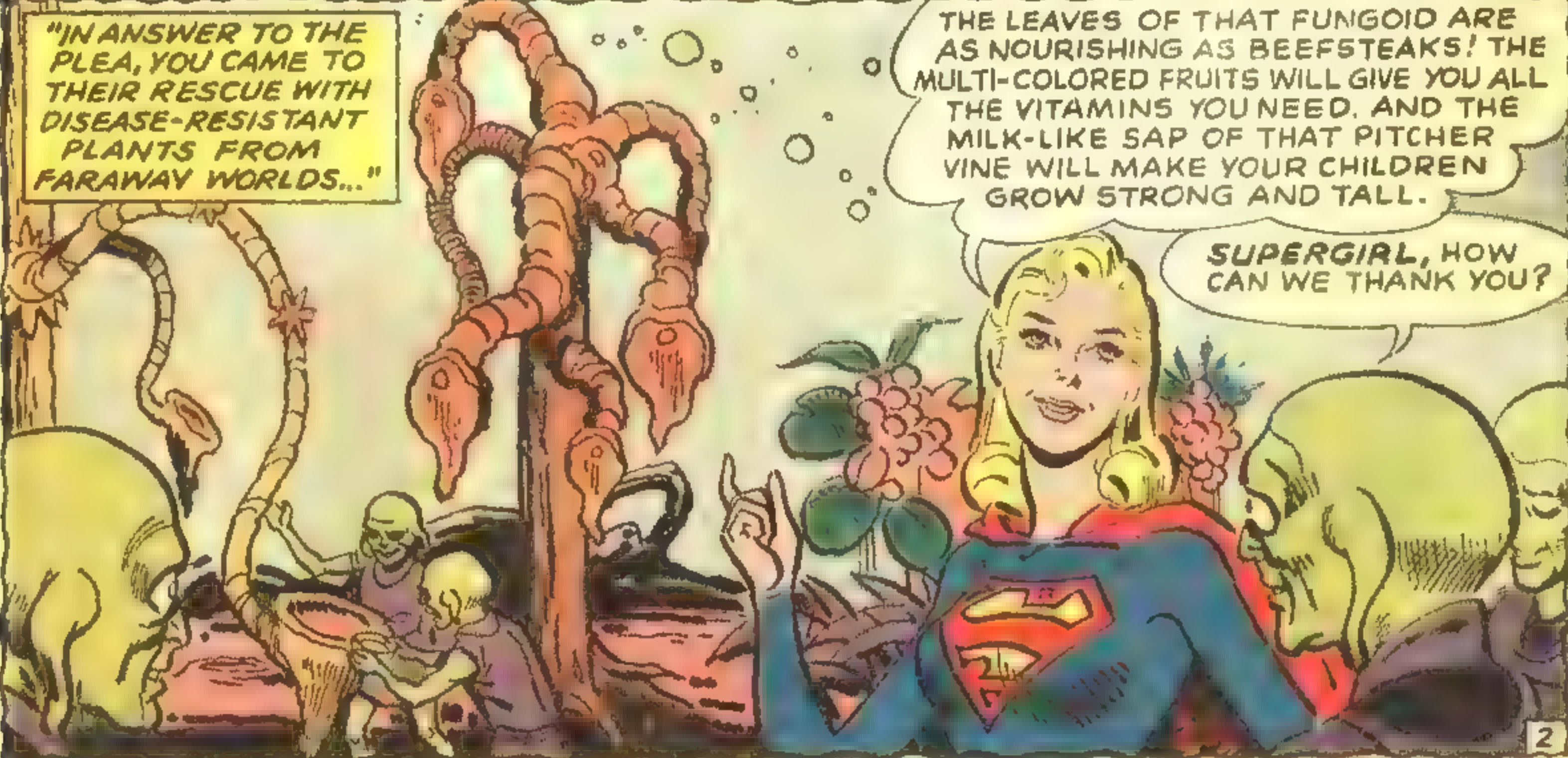
BUT WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ME?



"I'M FROM THE PLANET DENEK. YEARS AGO, IT WAS RAVAGED BY A GHASTLY BLIGHT..."

THE PESTILENCE HAS WIPED OUT ALL OUR FOOD-BEARING PLANTS...WE'RE DOOMED!

SUPERGIRL CAN HELP US. AFTER ALL, WE'VE WATCHED HER PERFORM ALL SORTS OF FEATS ON EARTH. LET'S APPEAL TO HER.

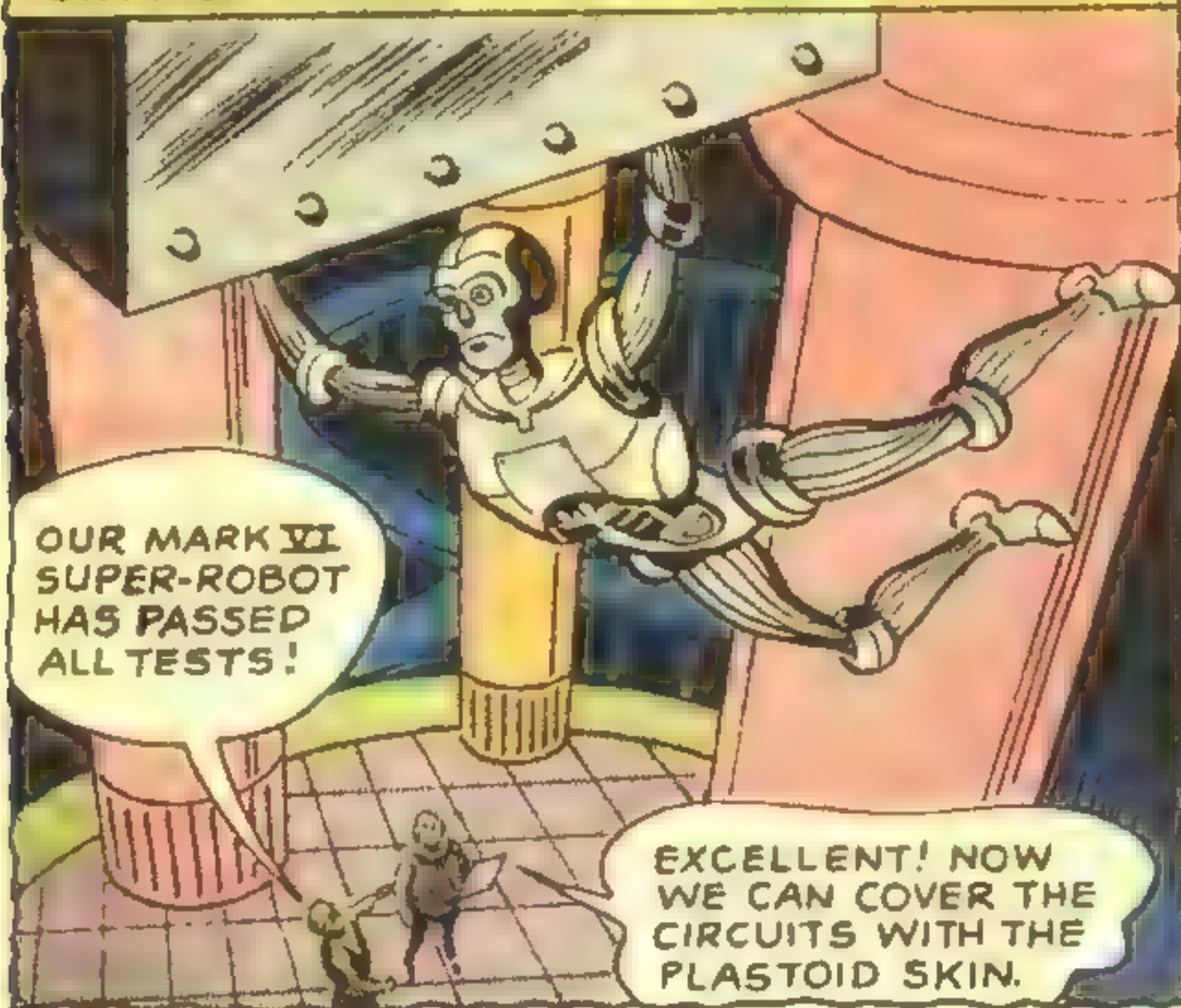


"IN ANSWER TO THE PLEA, YOU CAME TO THEIR RESCUE WITH DISEASE-RESISTANT PLANTS FROM FARAWAY WORLDS..."

THE LEAVES OF THAT FUNGOID ARE AS NOURISHING AS BEEFSTEAKS! THE MULTI-COLORED FRUITS WILL GIVE YOU ALL THE VITAMINS YOU NEED. AND THE MILK-LIKE SAP OF THAT PITCHER VINE WILL MAKE YOUR CHILDREN GROW STRONG AND TALL.

SUPERGIRL, HOW CAN WE THANK YOU?

"IN GRATITUDE, THE DENEKIANs USED THEIR ADVANCED SCIENCE TO CREATE A GIFT FOR YOU."



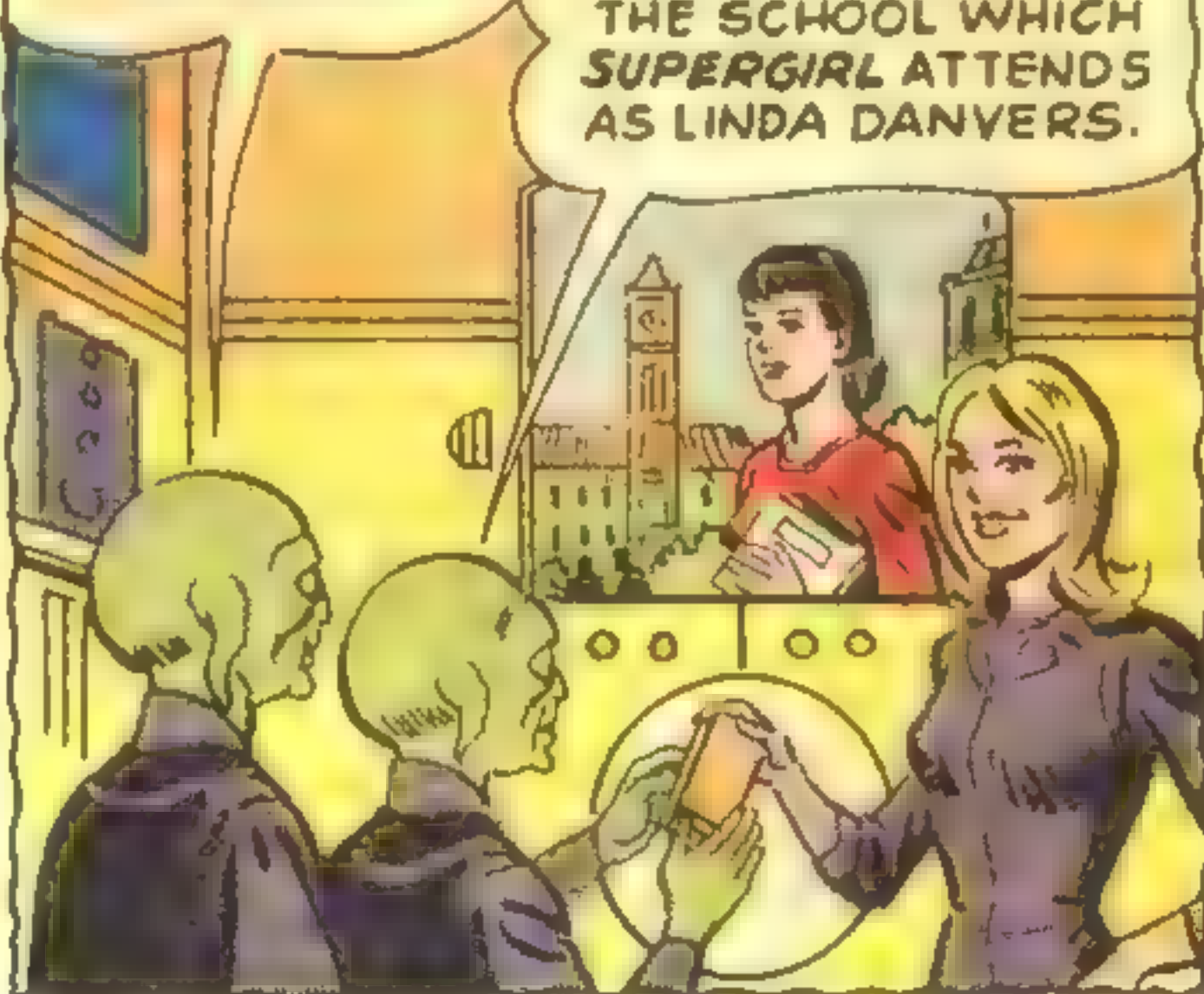
OUR MARK VI SUPER-ROBOT HAS PASSED ALL TESTS!

EXCELLENT! NOW WE CAN COVER THE CIRCUITS WITH THE PLASTOID SKIN.

"THAT ROBOT WAS MYSELF."

WE'LL CALL YOU KARA... THE REAL NAME OF SUPERGIRL!

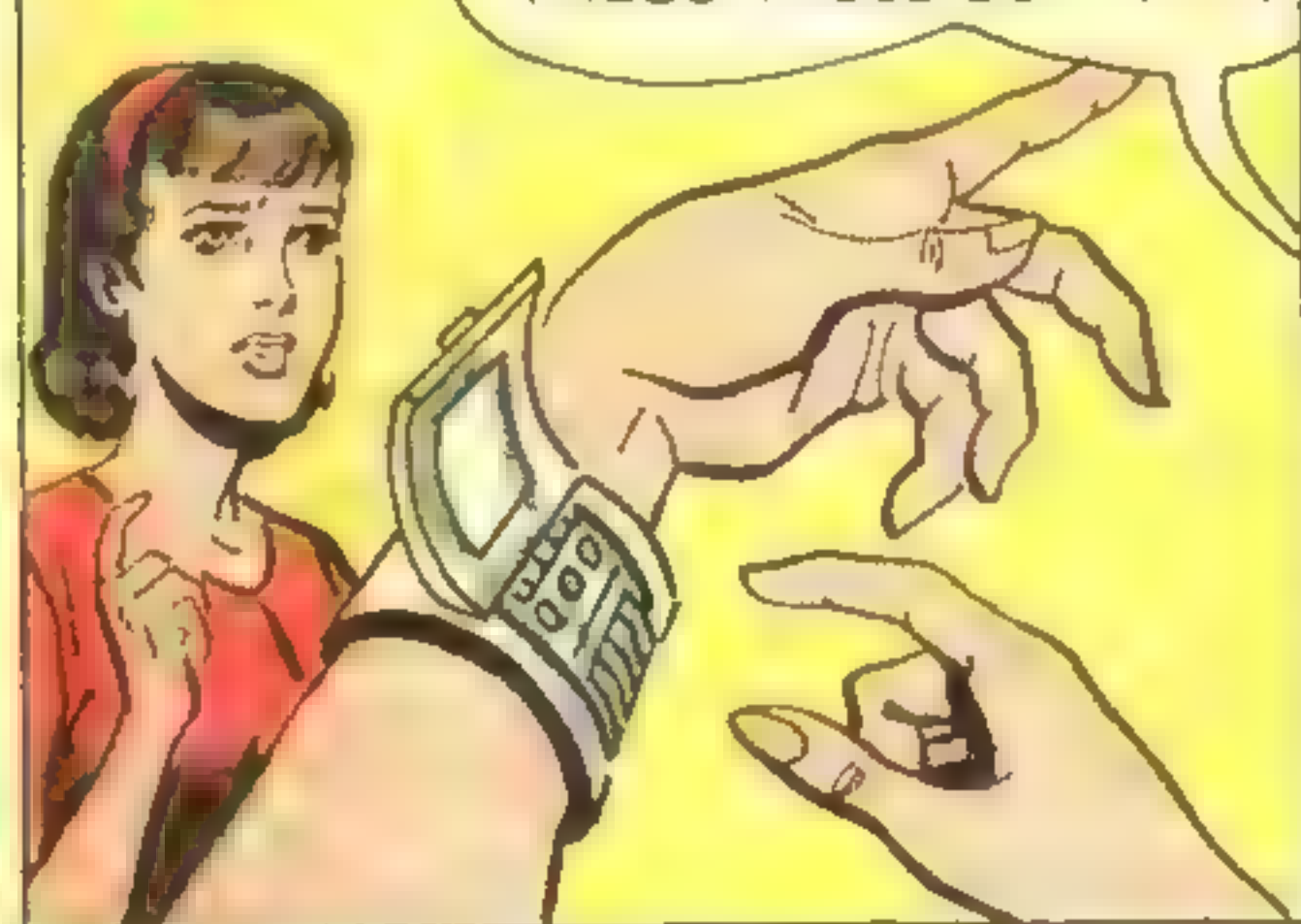
TAKE THESE FAKE EARTH IDENTITY DOCUMENTS. YOU'LL NEED THEM WHEN YOU REGISTER AT THE SCHOOL WHICH SUPERGIRL ATTENDS AS LINDA DANVERS.



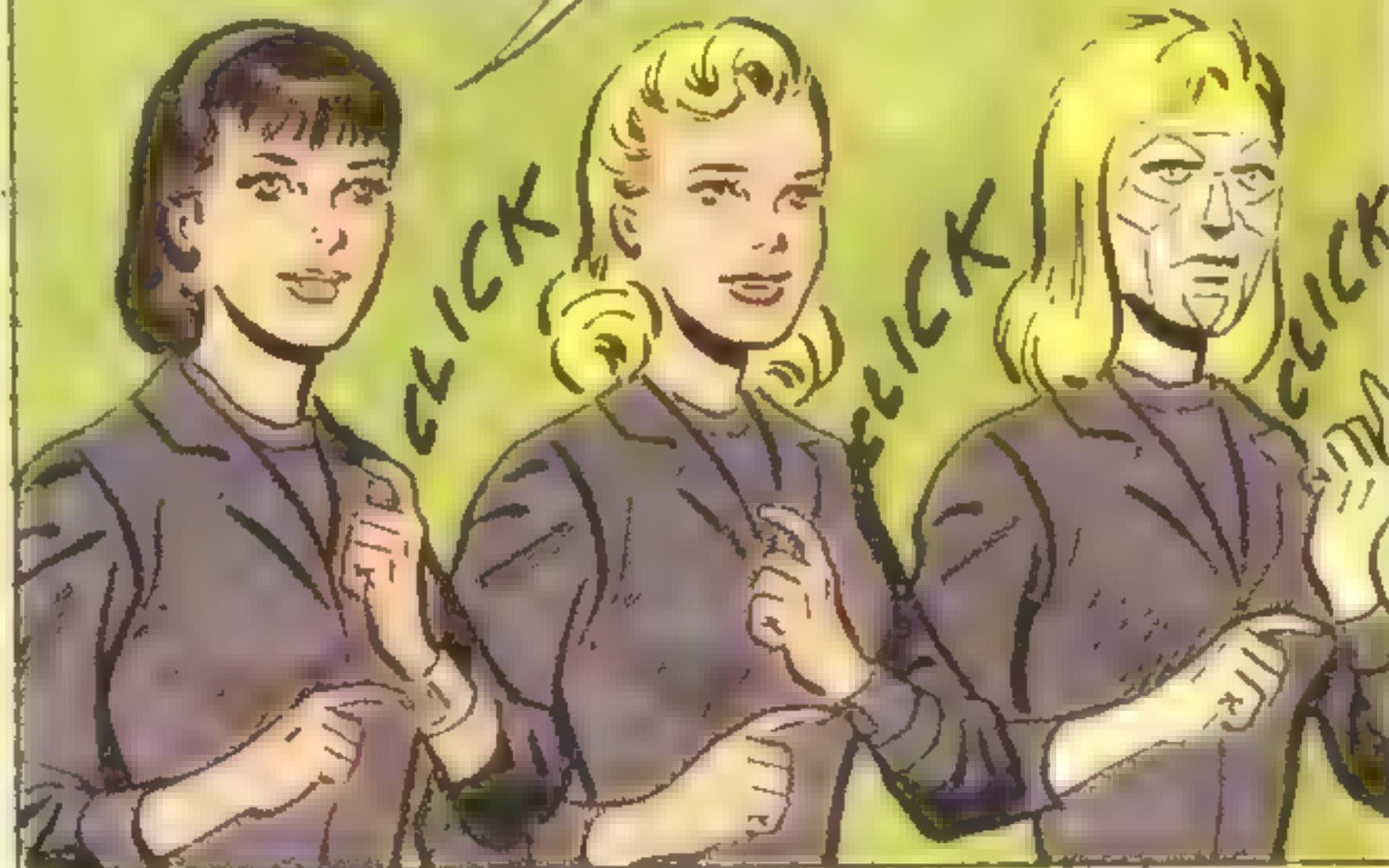
AS KARA ENDS HER STORY...

BUT I DON'T NEED A ROBOT HERE AT STANHOPE.

PLEASE... I WAS BUILT TO SERVE YOU. I CAN SUBSTITUTE FOR YOU IN EITHER IDENTITY! SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I PRESS THESE BUTTONS?

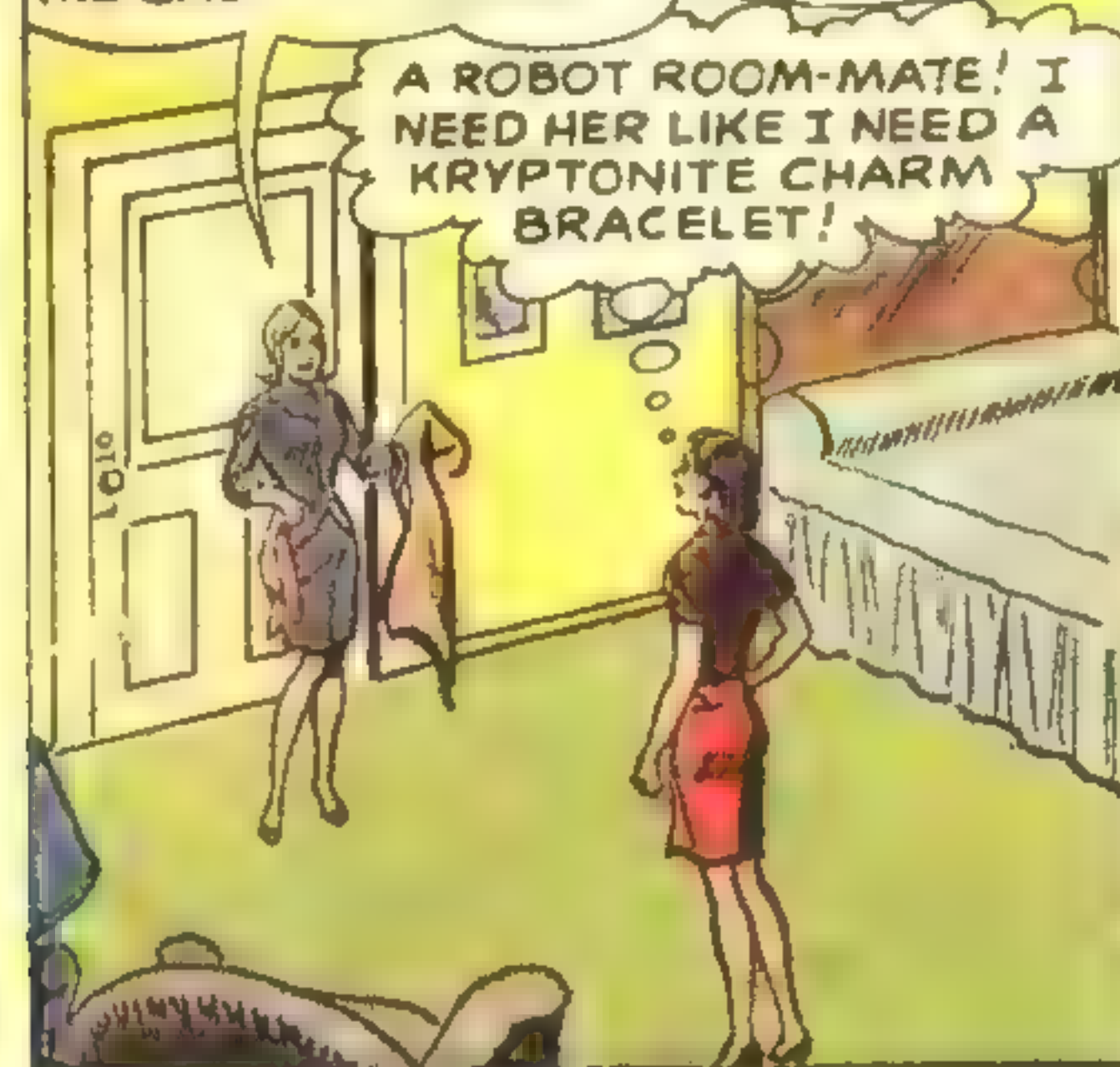


THEY ACTIVATE MY PHYSIOGNOMATIC CIRCUITS, WHICH CAN SWITCH MY APPEARANCE FROM LINDA, TO A BIZARRO-SUPERGIRL OR THE REAL SUPERGIRL!



I'LL WEAR THIS COSTUME WHENEVER I DOUBLE FOR YOU. IF I FAIL TO DO ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, YOU MAY SEND ME BACK TO DENEK.

A ROBOT ROOM-MATE! I NEED HER LIKE I NEED A KRYPTONITE CHARM BRACELET!

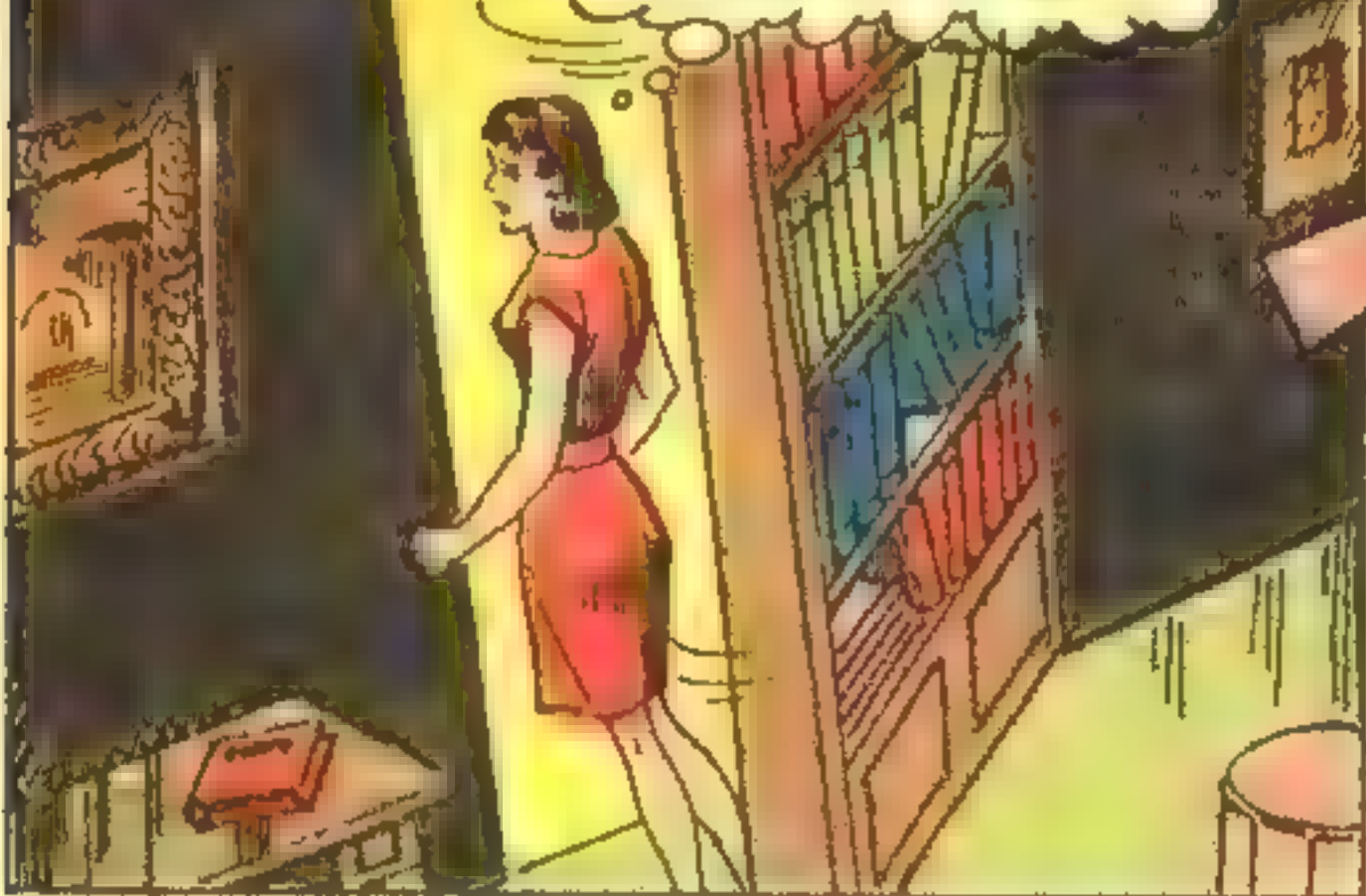


BUT I CAN'T SEND HER BACK WITHOUT TRYING HER OUT, OR THE DENEKIANs WILL BE INSULTED. BUT AT LEAST, I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY ROOM-MATE DISCOVERING MY IDENTITY. SHE ALREADY KNOWS IT.



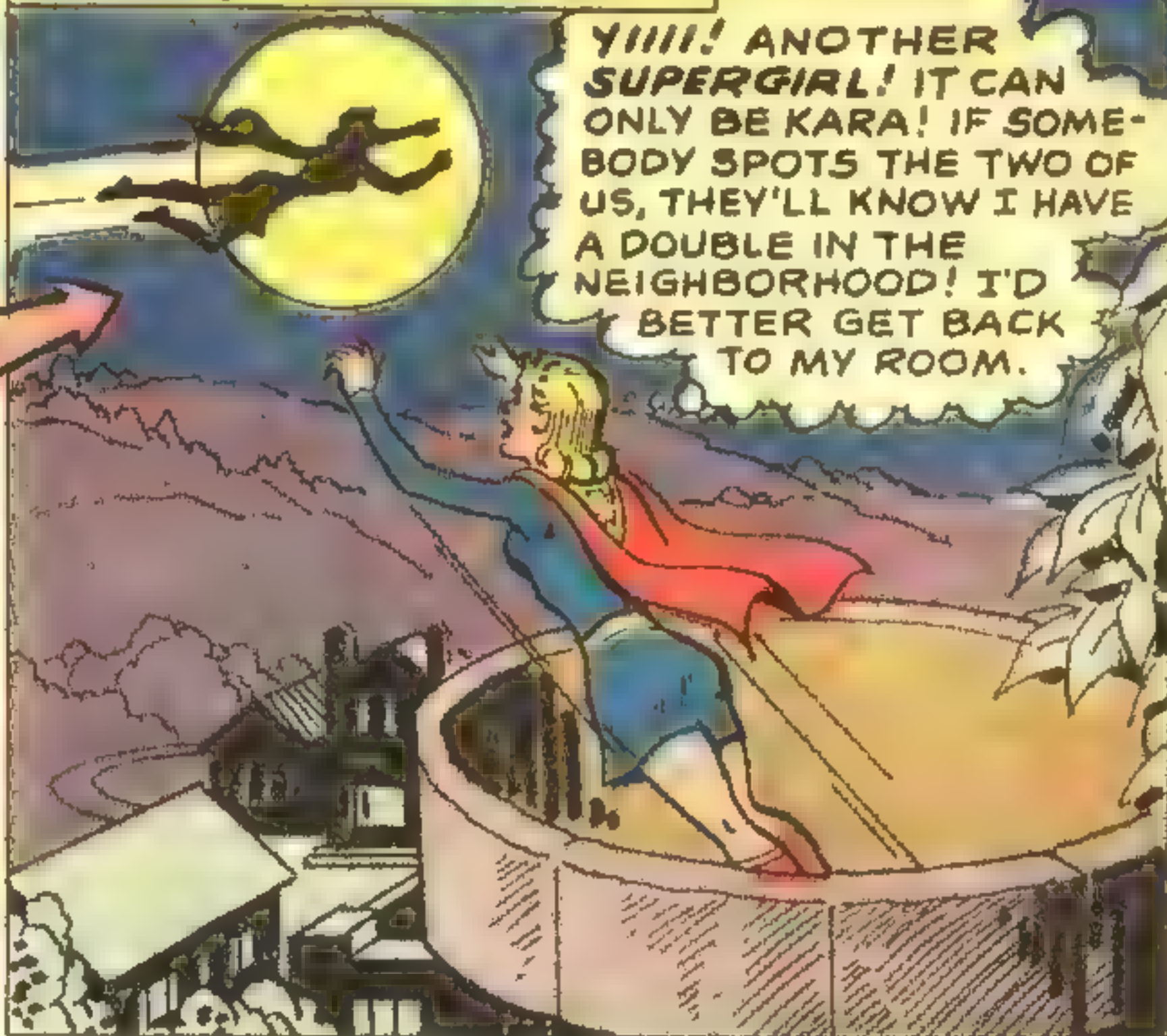
THAT EVENING...

TIME FOR MY EVENING PATROL. I OUGHT TO TELL KARA WHERE I'M GOING, BUT SHE SEEMS TO HAVE SLIPPED AWAY!



SWITCHING TO THE GIRL OF STEEL, LINDA EMERGES FROM HER SECRET EXIT, A DISUSED CHIMNEY, WHEN SUDDENLY...

YIIII! ANOTHER SUPERGIRL! IT CAN ONLY BE KARA! IF SOMEBODY SPOTS THE TWO OF US, THEY'LL KNOW I HAVE A DOUBLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO MY ROOM.



SOON AFTERWARDS, AS THE ROBOT EMERGES FROM THE SECRET DOOR...

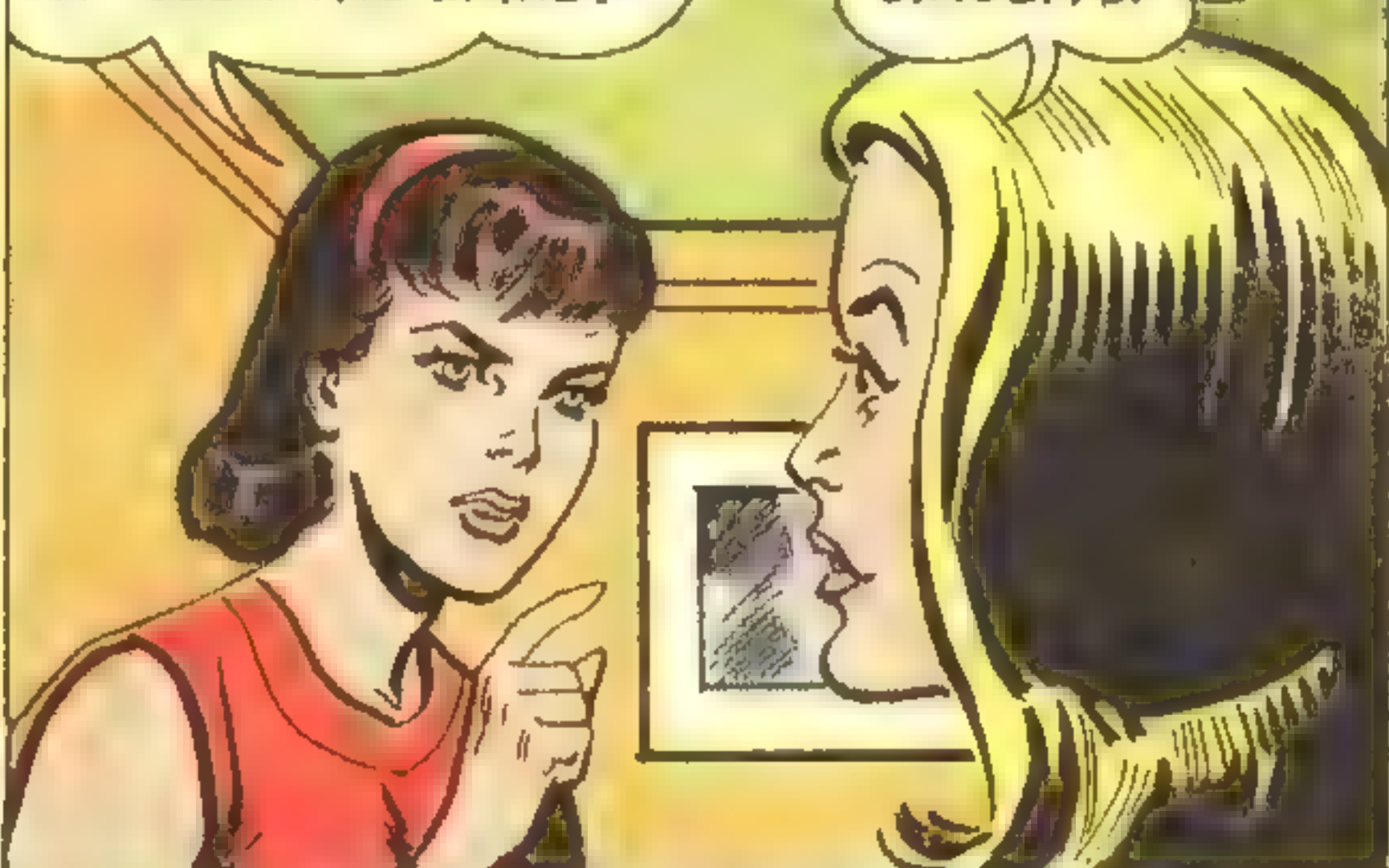
OH, LINDA! YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO OUT ON YOUR EVENING PATROL. I COVERED IT FOR YOU.

SO I NOTICED!



BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN ME? I STARTED OUT ON PATROL, TOO. SUPPOSE SOMEONE HAD SEEN TWO OF ME?

I'M SORRY! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP. HELPFULNESS IS BUILT INTO MY CIRCUITS.

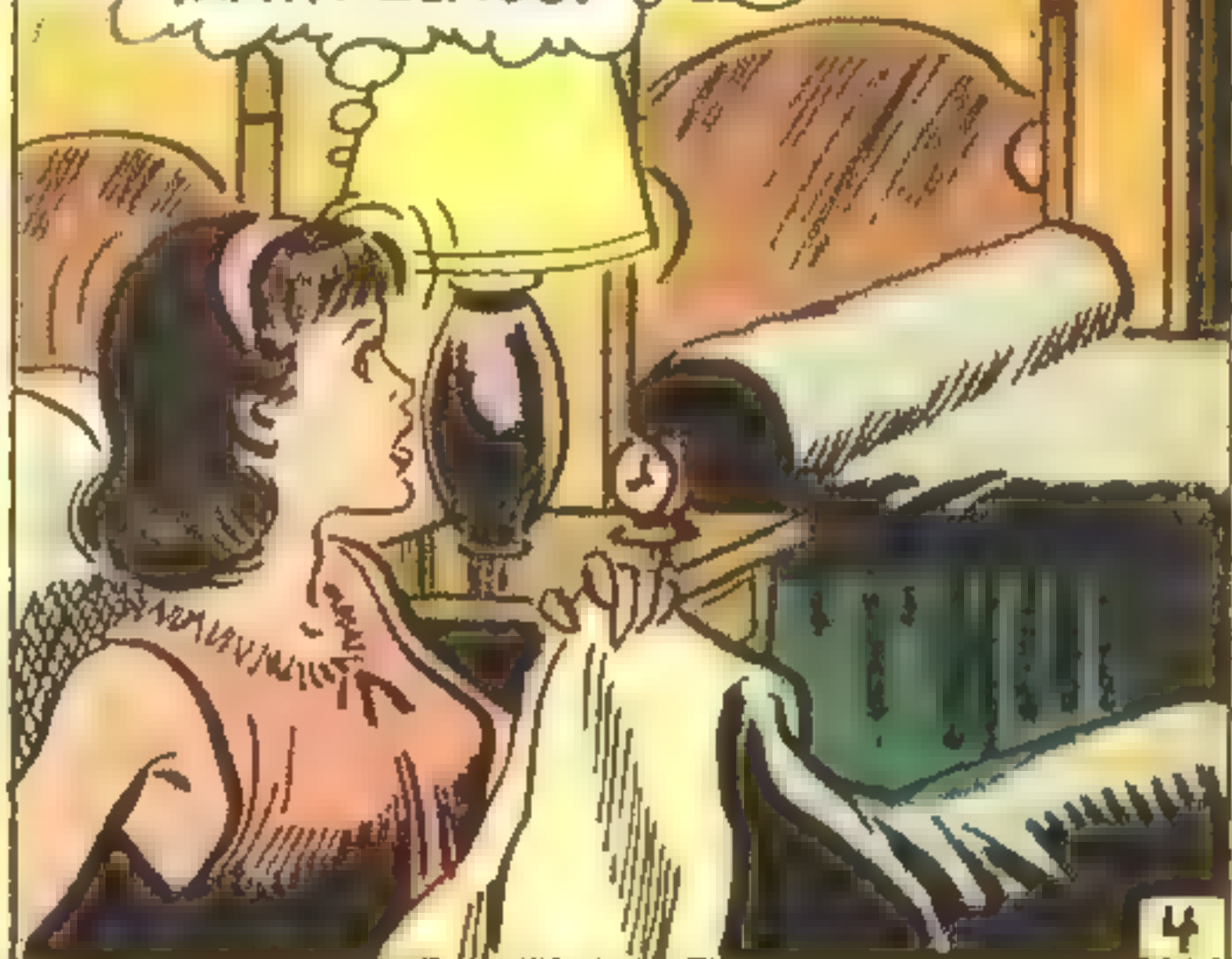


I SHOULDN'T BE ANGRY. SHE'S TRYING SO HARD TO PLEASE ME. BUT I HOPE THIS ELECTRONIC EAGER BEAVER DOESN'T SHORT-CIRCUIT MY SUPER-CAREER!

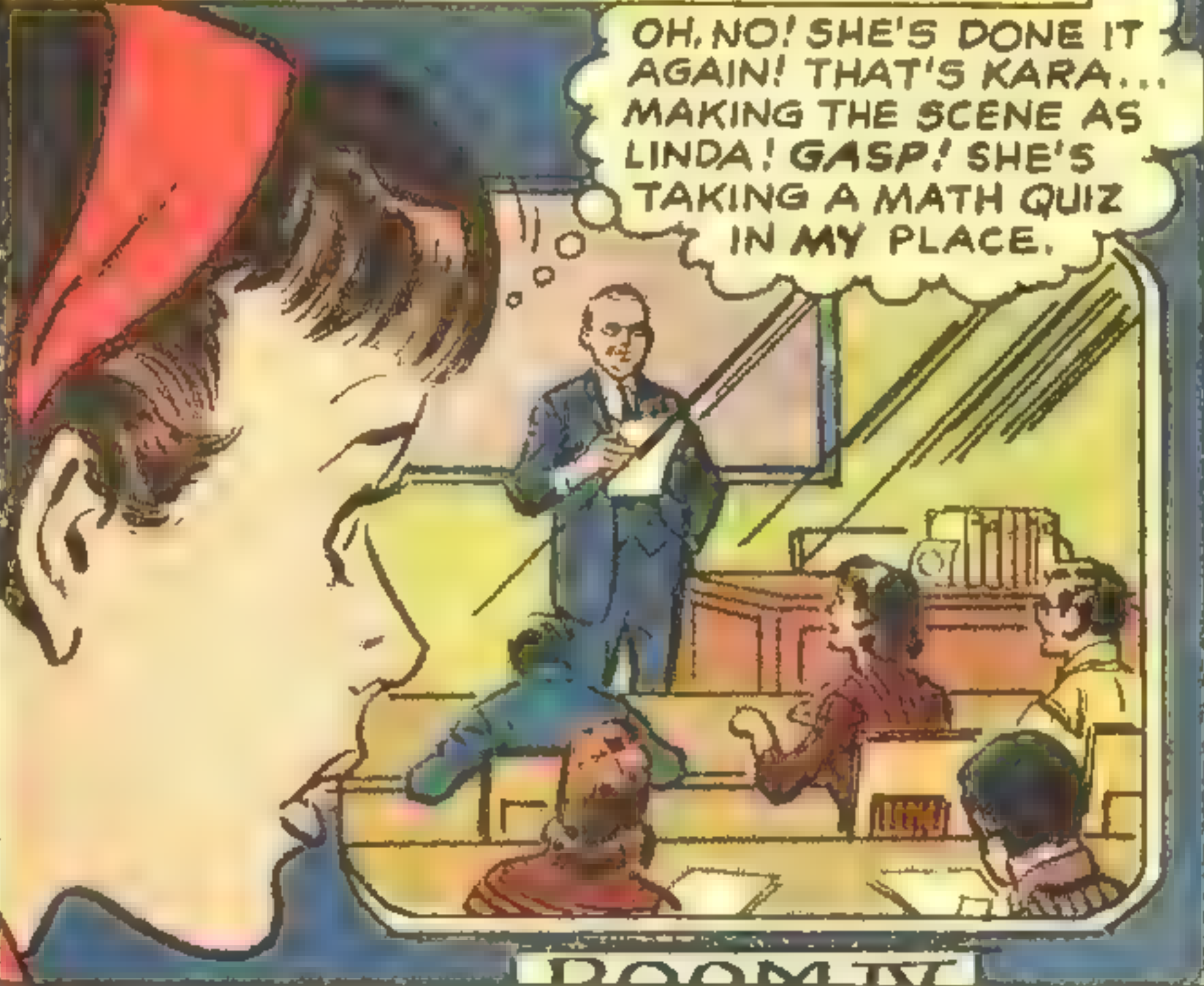


NEXT MORNING, AS LINDA ARISES...

GOOD GRIEF! I MUST HAVE OVERSLEPT! KARA HAS LEFT THE ROOM ALREADY. I'D BETTER DRESS IN A SUPER-HURRY, OR I'LL MISS MY MATH CLASS.



AS LINDA ARRIVES AT THE CLASSROOM...



OH, NO! SHE'S DONE IT AGAIN! THAT'S KARA... MAKING THE SCENE AS LINDA! GASP! SHE'S TAKING A MATH QUIZ IN MY PLACE.

TALK ABOUT CLOSE CALLS! IF MY MATH INSTRUCTOR HAD SPOTTED TWO LINDAS, THE FAT WOULD REALLY BE IN THE FIRE.



BLOOD BANK COLLECTION TOMORROW
ALL CLASSES WILL REPORT TO BLOOD-MOBILE NEAR LIBRARY BUILDING- AT 10 A.M.

DANCE FRIDAY MILL HALL

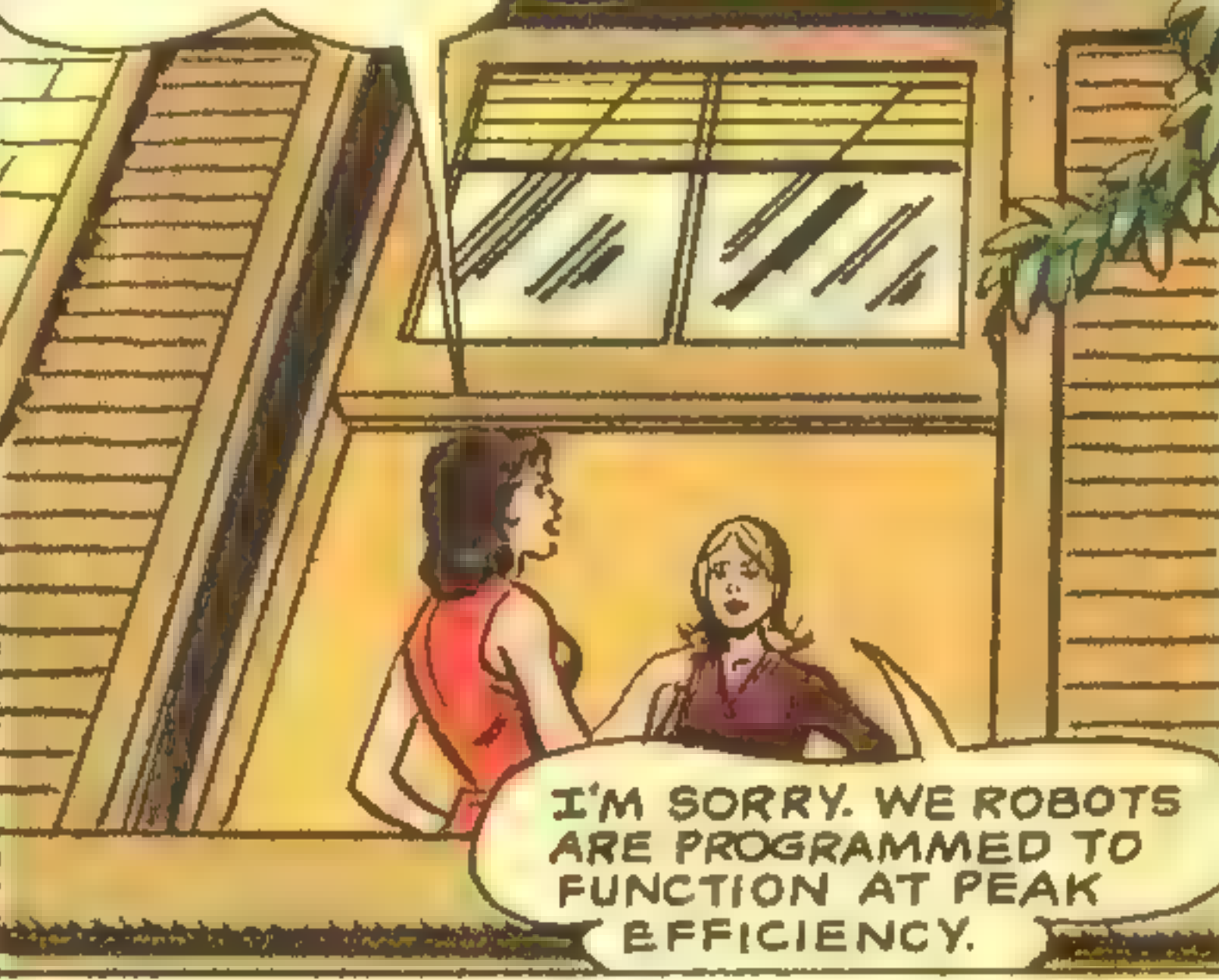
WHEN KARA RETURNS TO THE ROOM AND RESUMES HER NORMAL APPEARANCE...



BUT, LINDA, YOU WERE ASLEEP, SO I HELPED OUT BY ASSUMING YOUR IDENTITY. AND LOOK... I GOT 100% ON YOUR MATH QUIZ.

KARA, YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE!

YOU GOOFED! I'M CAREFUL TO KEEP MY GRADES AVERAGE. HIGH MARKS MIGHT REVEAL MY SUPER-INTELLIGENCE.



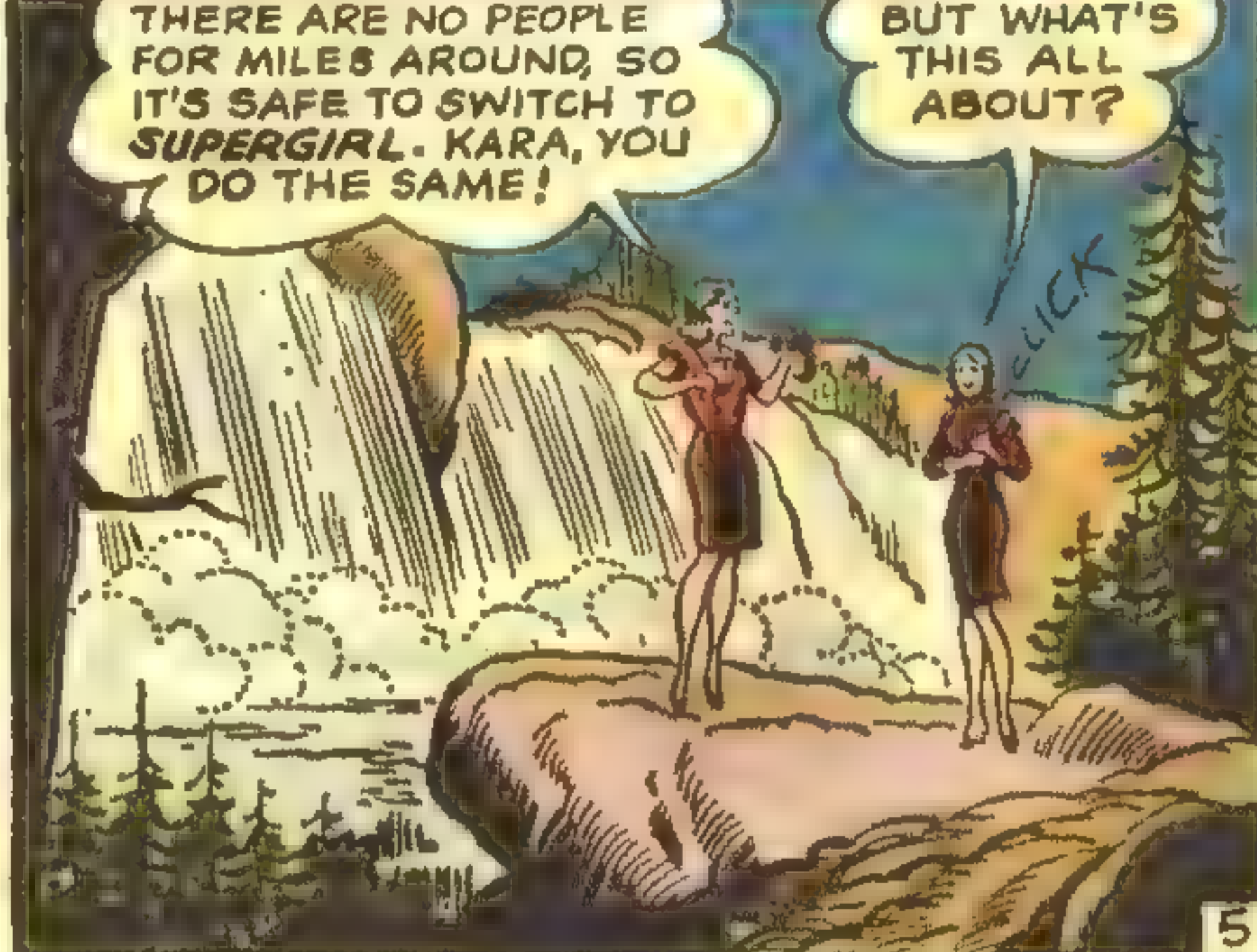
I'M SORRY. WE ROBOTS ARE PROGRAMMED TO FUNCTION AT PEAK EFFICIENCY.

SO LONG! I HAVE TO ATTEND MY OWN CLASSES NOW.



I MUST GET RID OF THAT PEST... BUT HOW? WAIT! SHE SAID THAT IF SHE FAILS TO DUPLICATE ANY OF MY FEATS, I CAN SEND HER BACK!

THAT EVENING, LINDA ESCORTS KARA TO A REMOTE WOODED AREA... AND...



THERE ARE NO PEOPLE FOR MILES AROUND, SO IT'S SAFE TO SWITCH TO SUPERGIRL. KARA, YOU DO THE SAME!

BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

SINCE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SUBSTITUTE FOR ME IN EMERGENCIES, I WANT TO TEST YOUR SUPER-POWERS UNDER ALL ADVERSE CONDITIONS.

A SPLENDID IDEA, **SUPERGIRL**. DON'T WORRY... I CAN TAKE IT!

I'M GOING TO PUT YOU THROUGH A SUPER-OBSTACLE COURSE! FOLLOW ME AND REMEMBER TO DO **EVERYTHING** I DO.

LEAD THE WAY, **SUPERGIRL**. I'LL FOLLOW!

AT LIGHTNING SPEED, THE MAID OF MIGHT STREAKS THROUGH THE CANYON COUNTRY, AND...

THESE OBSTACLES MAY JOLT KARA'S CIRCUITS OUT OF COORDINATION... **ULP!** SHE'S DUPLICATING MY EVERY MOVE.

THIS IS A RUGGED TEST, **SUPERGIRL**, BUT MY CIRCUITRY IS DESIGNED TO TAKE MAXIMUM STRESSES!

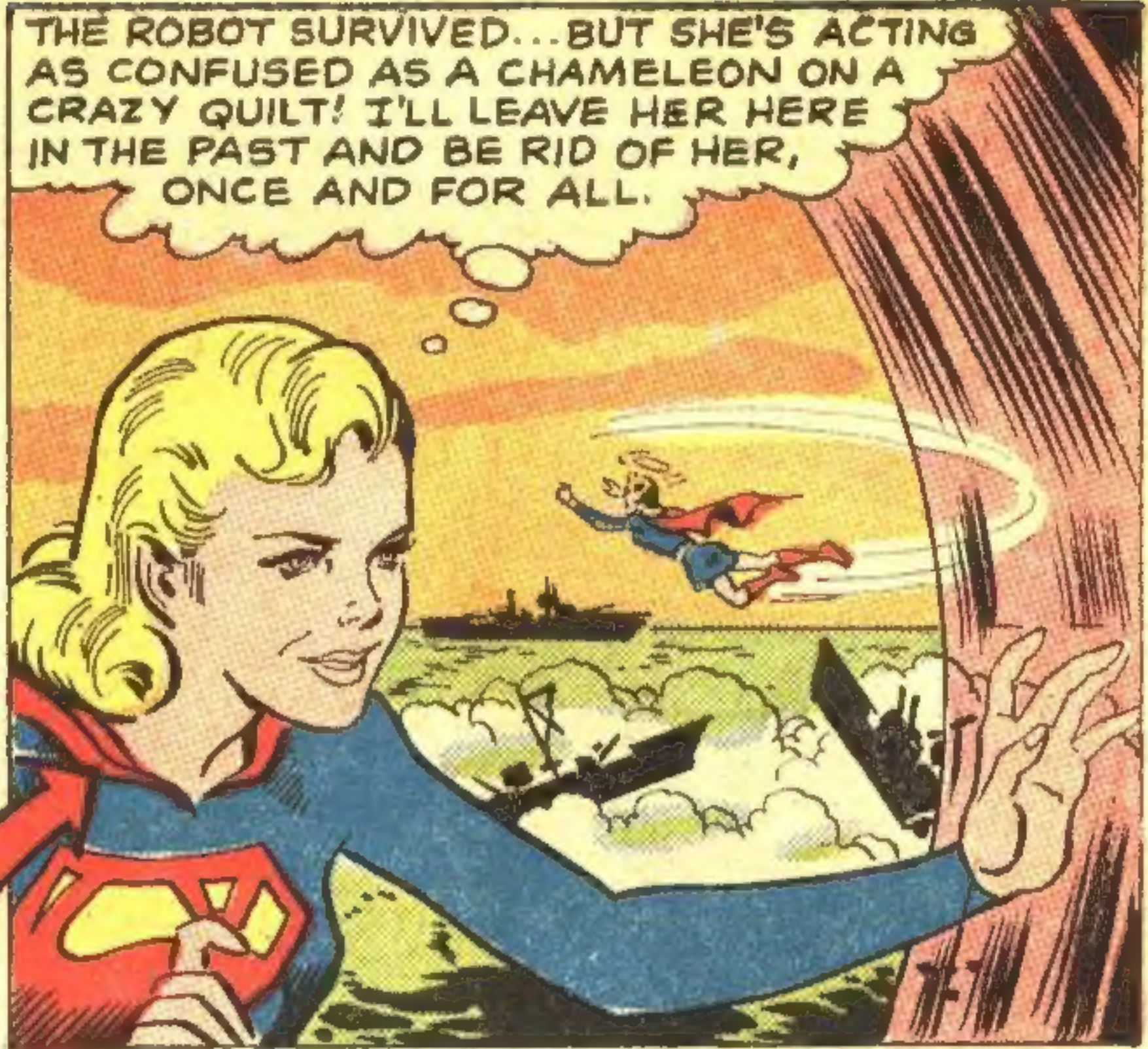
I HAVE IT! I'LL TAKE HER BACK INTO THE PAST THROUGH THE TIME-BARRIER. THERE'S **ONE** TEST THAT SHOULD FOUL HER UP.

CHOOSING THE EXACT PLACE AND TIME, **SUPERGIRL** EMERGES AT A CLIMACTIC MOMENT IN HISTORY...

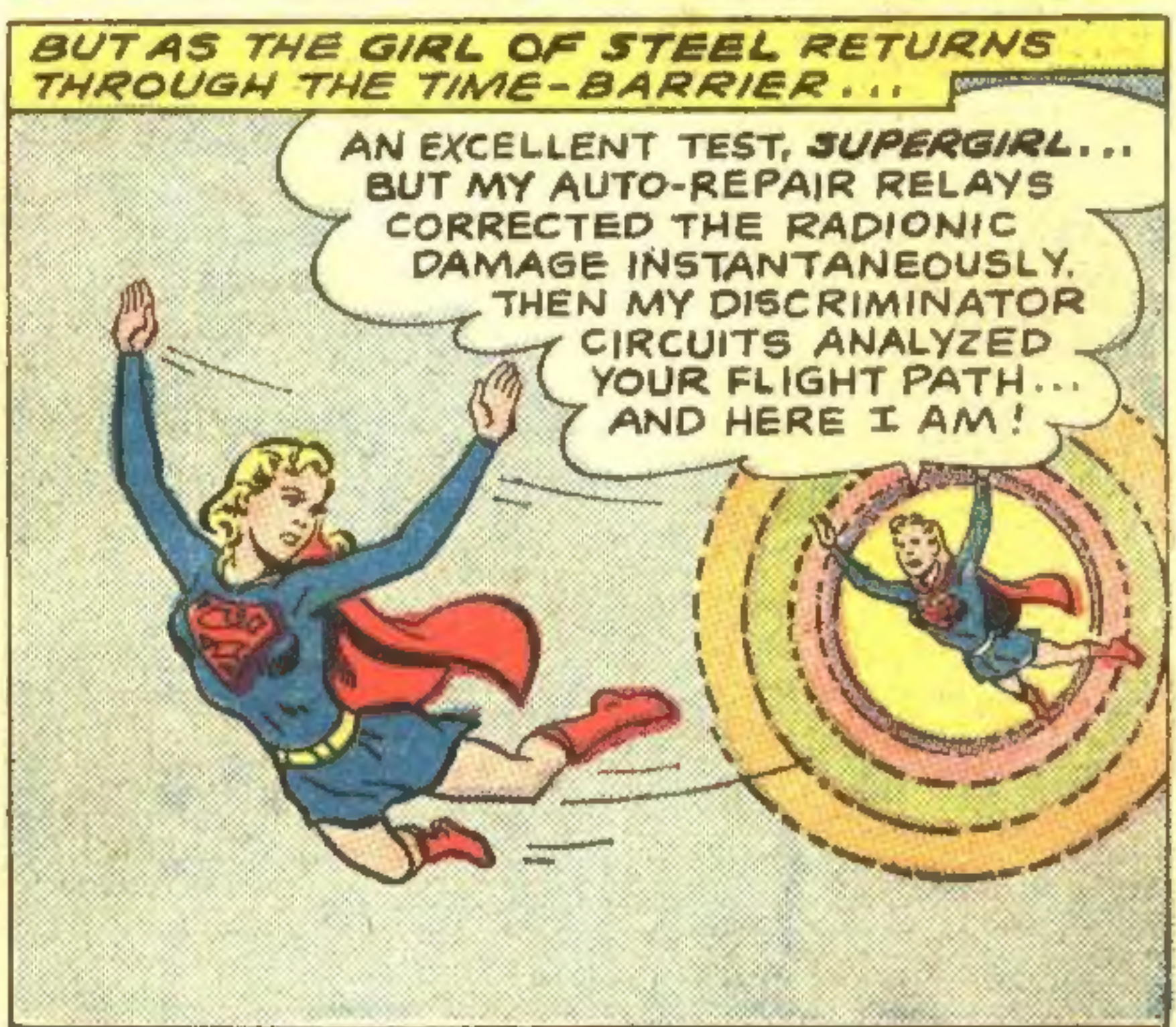
THE FIRST H-BOMB BLAST AT ENIWETOK, IN THE PACIFIC! THIS SHOULD ROCK THAT ROBOT IF ANYTHING CAN!



THIS HOLOCAUST OF RADIATION WILL SCRAMBLE HER CIRCUITS, BUT GOOD! AFTER THIS, SHE'LL NEVER BE THE SAME.



THE ROBOT SURVIVED... BUT SHE'S ACTING AS CONFUSED AS A CHAMELEON ON A CRAZY QUILT! I'LL LEAVE HER HERE IN THE PAST AND BE RID OF HER, ONCE AND FOR ALL.



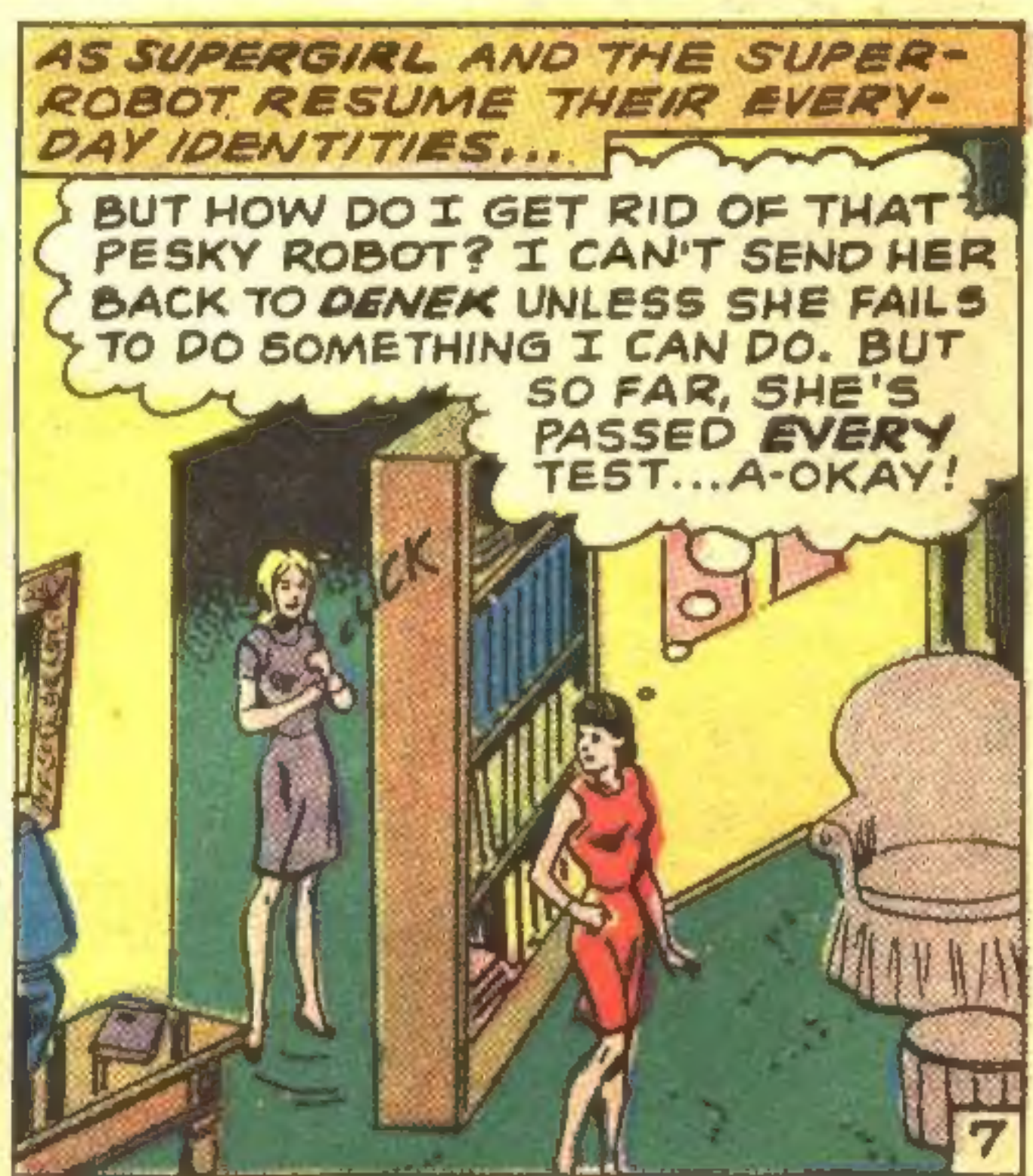
BUT AS THE GIRL OF STEEL RETURNS THROUGH THE TIME-BARRIER...

AN EXCELLENT TEST, SUPERGIRL... BUT MY AUTO-REPAIR RELAYS CORRECTED THE RADIONIC DAMAGE INSTANTANEOUSLY. THEN MY DISCRIMINATOR CIRCUITS ANALYZED YOUR FLIGHT PATH... AND HERE I AM!



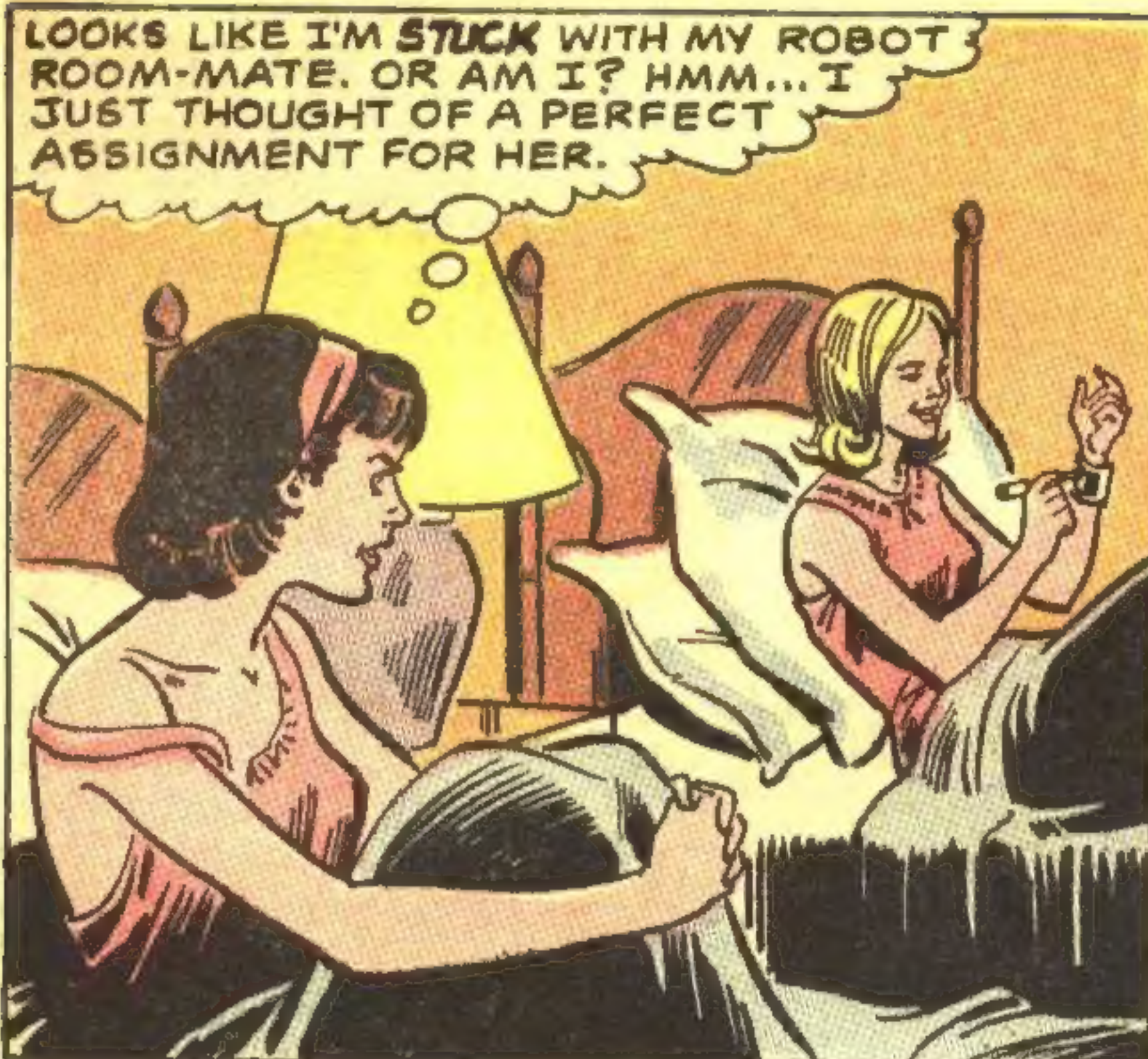
COMPETING WITH YOU WAS FUN, SUPERGIRL. MY SUPER-POWERS MATCHED YOURS EVERY TIME!

I MUST ADMIT THEY DID, KARA. COME ON, LET'S GET BACK TO OUR ROOM.



AS SUPERGIRL AND THE SUPER-ROBOT RESUME THEIR EVERY-DAY IDENTITIES...

BUT HOW DO I GET RID OF THAT PESKY ROBOT? I CAN'T SEND HER BACK TO DENEK UNLESS SHE FAILS TO DO SOMETHING I CAN DO. BUT SO FAR, SHE'S PASSED EVERY TEST... A-OKAY!



LOOKS LIKE I'M STUCK WITH MY ROBOT ROOM-MATE. OR AM I? HMM... I JUST THOUGHT OF A PERFECT ASSIGNMENT FOR HER.



NEXT MORNING...

KARA, I WANT YOU TO TAKE MY PLACE TODAY. YOU'RE TO ATTEND ALL MY LECTURES AND DO EVERYTHING MY CLASS DOES.

I'LL SWITCH TO MY LINDA PERSONALITY, AT ONCE!



BUT WITHIN THE HOUR, THE ROBOT RETURNS, AND...

KARA, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SUBSTITUTING FOR ME.

I'M SORRY, BUT I'VE FAILED YOU! I MUST RETURN TO DENEK IMMEDIATELY.



SOON, A FORLORN FIGURE ZOOMS UPWARD INTO SPACE...

I'M A FLOP... A REJECT. I MUST RETURN TO MY CREATORS FOR DISPOSAL.

WHERE DID KARA FAIL? WHAT TASK PROVED HER DOWNFALL? RE-READ THE STORY CAREFULLY. WE'VE GIVEN YOU THE CLUES.



LATER, IN THE SCHOOL CORRIDOR...

KARA DIDN'T REALIZE THERE WAS A BLOOD BANK DRIVE TODAY. AND GIVING BLOOD IS ONE THING A ROBOT CAN'T DO!

BLOOD BANK COLLECTION TOMORROW TODAY
ALL CLASSES WILL REPORT TO BLOOD-MOBILE NEAR LIBRARY BUILDING - AT 10 A.M.

DANCE FRIDAY MILL HALL

FOOT PRAC HALL COUNCIL



BUT IRONICALLY, KARA DIDN'T REALLY FAIL. BECAUSE, WITH MY INVULNERABLE SKIN, I CAN'T DONATE BLOOD, EITHER...SO I'D BETTER REPORT IN WITH A PHONEY CASE OF THE SNIFFLES AS MY ALIBI.

End

CLARK KENT interviews **SUPERGIRL!**



WOULD YOU TELL DC READERS
THE THEME OF YOUR NEW
**80 PAGE
GIANT?**

SURE, COUSIN--
IT CONCERNS MY
**SUPER-FRIENDS...
AND SUPER-FOES!**
THERE'S THE ORIGIN OF
**SUPER-HORSE... THE SUPERGIRL
EMERGENCY SQUAD... THE
BIZARRO SUPERGIRL... MY
SUPER-BOY FRIENDS... AND LOTS
MORE! AS A BONUS, THERE'S A
CLASSIC TALE FROM MY PAST...**

"MY FATHER, THE COP!"



ON SALE JAN. 10th

80 pg. GIANT

ACTION COMICS

presents...

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APR
NO. 30

SUPERGIRL

AN ALL-STAR COLLECTION
Featuring **SUPERGIRL'S
SUPER-FRIENDS
and SUPER-FOES!**

**THE BIZARRO
SUPERGIRL**

**THE ORIGIN OF
SUPER-HORSE**

**THE BOY WHO
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